

That is All.

A little dreaming, such as mothers know:
A little lingering over dainty things;
A happy heart, wherein hope all aglow
Stirs like a bird at dawn that wakes and sings—
And that is all.

A little clasping to her yearning breast:
A little musing over future years;
A heart that prays, "Dear Lord, Thou knowest best,
But spare my flower life's bitterest rain of tears."
And that is all.

A little spirit speeding through the night:
A little home grown lonely, dark and chill;
A sad heart, groping blindly for the light:
A little grave beneath the hill—
And that is all.

A little gathering of life's broken thread:
A little patience keeping back the tears;
A heart that sings, "Thy darling is not dead,
God keeps him safe through his eternal years."
And that is all.

—MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

THE TWO JONESES.

A STORY OF ST. DAVID'S DAY.

CHAPTER I.

It was the 1st of March, in the year of grace 18—. In a merchant's office, not far from Cheap-side, a little man sat at a high desk, trying hard, apparently, to keep one eye on a column of figures before him; and the other on the office-clock. Failing in this, his glances traveled from the one to the other with pendulum-like regularity. At last the clock struck the wished-for hour of six; and the little man shut the big ledger with a bang, and after locking it up carefully in the office safe, dashed into a dark cupboard, and began a hasty but careful toilet, involving great splashing of water, and much violent exercise with a stumpy nail-brush. Evan Jones was nominally managing-clerk, and really general factotum to the firm of Borwick & Brown, hard-wood merchants. He was fifty years of age, short, fat, and good-natured, though a little peppery at times. He had a numerous family, whom he found it anything but easy to feed and bring up on his modest salary of fifty shillings a week. With strict economy, however, he managed just to make both ends meet. Not for him were the breezy sands of Ramsgate, or the chestnut avenues of Hampton Court. Not for him were the mild Havana or the fragrant cigarette. He had no vices and desired no luxuries. One indulgence alone in the course of the year, did he permit himself. He was a Welshman to the backbone, and herein lay his one extravagance. Come what might, and however depressed the condition of the money market, he was always present at the dinner of the "United Welshman" on St. David's Day. The necessary guinea was to Jones as much as a hundred to many of the other guests who assembled at the banquet in question—a sum to be scraped together by infinite sacrifice and self-denial. But

"Though hands and sides go bare,
Though backs and feet go cold," as the old song says, scraped together it must be, by hook or crook. For nearly a week prior to the present occasion, Evan's dinner had consisted of a saveley and a penny roll; and on the day of our story he had taken no food whatever since his frugal breakfast, intending to compensate himself handsomely for his abstinence at the expense of the "United Welshmen." He had, in truth, gone so long without food as to feel a little exhausted; but he consoled himself with the thought of the splendid appetite he should carry to the festive board; and having at last completed his toilet, he shut up the office, and started for the hostelry where the dinner was to be held, feeling at least six feet high, and humming *Ar hyd y nos* with patriotic energy.

At almost the same moment when Evan Jones started on his journey, a tall handsome man, in faultless evening attire, stepped out of a West-end mansion, outside of which a brougham was waiting. A graceful little lady, with a bright girlish face, accompanied him to the hall-door.

"You won't be very late, Owen, will you?" she said, coaxingly.

"Not very early, I am afraid, pet.

We 'Welshmen' are rare fellows for keeping it up; and if I came away before all the national toasts had been duly honored, I should never hear the last of it."

"Very well, dear; then I suppose I mustn't expect you till I see you. I hope you will have a pleasant evening. Don't take too much wine," she continued laughingly. "Can't answer for myself on such an occasion," her husband responded. "The ——— Tavern," he said to the coachman; and kissing his hand to his wife, in a few moments was whirled out of sight.

CHAPTER II.

The "United Welshmen" had finished their dinner, and had made considerable progress with their desert. Each man wore a combination of green and white satin and silver flagee, which was supposed (by dint of making believe very much indeed), to represent the "look" sacred to the occasion. A perfect hurricane of *n's* and *m's* and *p's* and *l's* and *o's* flew about the room, only ceasing for a few moments when the chairman rose to prepare a toast, or the bards at the far end of the banquet hall tuned their harps for some Cambrian melody. Evan Jones was seated at the festive board, but, alas, no longer the spick-and-span Evan Jones who had but a couple of hours earlier left the office of Messrs Borwick & Brown. His carefully brushed hair was now rough and disheveled, his face red, his shirt-front limp and crumpled, his utterance thick, and his general appearance that of a gentleman who has dined "not wisely, but too well." Poor Evan had been by no means immoderate in his potations, but he had so weakened himself by long fasting, that the little he had taken had an exaggerated effect upon him, and he was rapidly becoming argumentative, not to say pugnacious. It was an article of faith with him, even in his sober moments, that he was in some mysterious way connected with the last of the Welsh kings, and in his present elevated condition this idea took possession of his mind with redoubled emphasis. He had more than once commenced a sentence beginning, "As a 'scendant of Llewellyn,'" but without getting any further. At the second failure, his left hand neighbor, to whom the observation was addressed, replied profanely, "O, blow Llewellyn!" Evan Jones looked at him for a moment with an expression of immeasurable scorn and disgust, and then turned to his right hand neighbor: "S a descendant of Llewellyn," he said to me—as a 'scendant—of Llewellyn—" and then stopped again.

"Cum nog lwyd bora dwinnath cwyld llimach bach" (we cannot warrant the purity of the author's Welsh—Ed.), replied his right hand neighbor.

"Dwylllog lwmno gwllloch y dina nos," remarked another.

"Cwlla gwyn dwylleth dym da y cwi bala llewellyn caerloc," responded Jones, whose tongue was loose enough in its native Welsh; and who would probably have continued in the same strain for some time had not the chairman requested attention for the "March of the Men of Harlech," which was about to be given by the choir. Jones sat still during the chorus, with head and hand keeping tipsy time to the measure; but his soul waxed hot within him under the influence of the inspiring strains, and no sooner had they ceased than he wildly got upon his legs, and said in a loud, thick voice:

"Mis'r Chairman, I shay! 'S a humble representative—I mean ancestor—I mean 'scendant—of Llewellyn, I don't think this 'spicious occasion—I shay I don't think this 'spicious 'casion—"

"Here there were loud cries of 'Order!' 'Chair!' 'Sit down!' And Jones was pulled violently down by the coat-tails by one of his neighbors. The gentlemanly-looking man to whom we have alluded in our first chapter was Jones' vis-a-

vis at the table. The scene was so ludicrous that he could not repress a smile, which was observed by Evan, whose choleric temper fired up instantly at the supposed affront. "What the devil you grinning at, look you?"

"Did I smile? I really beg your pardon; but I am quite sure I was not 'grinning' as you call it. 'You did, sir; you grinned like a Cheshire cat, sir. I appeal to th' gen'lmen present. You've sulted me, sir—sulted me grossly. Name's Jones; very good name; 'scendant of Llewellyn; and I 'mand 'sfaction of a gen'lman."

"My name is Jones, too, though I haven't the honor of being a descendant of Llewellyn. There is my card, sir; and if, when you come to your sober senses to desire to apologise for your unseemly behavior, I shall be happy to see you."

Evan's right-hand neighbor put the card, which bore the inscription

MR. OWEN JONES,

99 Winslow Square,

Belgravia, S. W.

into Evan's waistcoat pocket, and the owner, by no means desirous of being involved in an after-dinner brawl, moved away to another part of the table. By dint of a little humoring, those around managed to soothe the fiery Evan into comparative tranquility, and after a few more desultory observations, where-in his descent Llewellyn still played a prominent part, he leant back in his chair, and was speedily asleep.

The toasts came to an end at last, the bards packed up their harps, and the last of the guests departed, leaving Evan Jones still sound asleep in his chair. A council of waiters was held over the slumbering hero, and endeavors were made to rouse him. They shook him, they pinched him—but all in vain. He couldn't, or wouldn't wake up. They succeeded in getting out of him that his name was Jones, but to a further inquiry as to where he lived, he only murmured 'scendant of Llewellyn,' and relapsed again into still deeper slumbers.

"You'll have to give him a shake-down among the empty bottles, William," said one.

"Not if I know it," replied the head waiter. "He might wake up in the night and walk off with the spoons. No, we must find out where he lives, somehow. Some of you must look in his pockets all you? Perhaps the gentleman has a card-case about him."

No sooner said than done.

"Here's a card," said one, diving into Evan's waistcoat pocket. "Mr. Owen Jones, 99 Winslow Square."

"That's him right enough; he said his name was Jones. He don't look much like a Winslow Square sort, does he? But there's no accounting for these Welsh gents. Just as well he had his pastebord about him, though, wasn't it? or he wouldn't have got home to-night."

It was a little after eleven o'clock when a four-wheel cab drove up to the door of No. 99 Winslow Square.

"This is Mr. Jones, ain't it?" said the cabman to the smart parlor-maid who answered his call at the door.

"Yes, this is Mr. Jones," answered the maid.

"That's the name right enough. Here's the card they gave me: Mr. Owen Jones, No. 99. Well, look here, I brought your master from the Welsh dinner. He have been enjoying of his wine a goodish bit, I should say, and I cannot wake him up now."

"You don't mean to say he's taken too much?"

"Well, miss, that depends. I do not think myself, in a general way, a gentleman can take too much; the more the merrier I say. But he is pretty far gone anyhow."

The maid rushed in to her mistress who was sitting in the dining-room.

"Oh, ma'am, here is master come back in a cab from the dinner, and the cabman says he is fast asleep, and quite tosted."

"Nonsense, Mary!" said her mis-

triss angrily, and advancing into the hall; "there must be some mistake."

"No mistake, marm," said the cabman, touching his hat respectfully; "I brought the gent from the Welsh dinner, and here is his card."

"Good heavens!" said Mrs. Jones, recognizing her husband's card, "it is too true. O dear, however shall I survive this shocking disgrace? Mary, go down stairs; I know I can rely upon you not to say a word of this dreadful misfortune to the other servants."

Mary retired accordingly, and Mrs. Jones continued—

"Cabman, I must ask you to assist Mr. Jones up to his bedroom; it is the front room on the first floor; you will find the gas ready lighted. I can give you no help; for I think it would kill me to see him in such a condition."

"Lor, don't take on so, marm; it is nothing when you are used to it," said the cabman. "Why some of them nob's does it every night. My old horse will stand still as a church, and I can have the gentleman up stairs in a jiffy."

Poor Mrs. Jones returned into the dining-room, holding her handkerchief to her eyes; and after a moment she was made aware, by a sort of scuffling in the passage, accompanied by ejaculations of a horsey nature, that the cabman was assisting Mr. Jones up stairs. After an interval of about ten minutes, which seemed an age, he reappeared at the dining-room door, and said in a confidential manner: "I got the gentleman into bed quite comfortable, mum. He was a little lard to undress, but I done him at last proper; and he is sleeping like a baby."

Mrs. Jones dismissed the man with a fee beyond his wildest expectations, and resumed her seat, feeling as if her peace of mind was forever lost. She felt that she could never have the same respect for her husband again. He, who had always been a model of all that was dignified and gentlemanly, a very pattern husband, to come home helplessly drunk from a tavern-dinner! It was incredible; and yet the fact was beyond question. There surely must be some mystery about the matter. Could he be ill? But no; he had never been in better health than when he left her a few hours previously, and to send for a doctor would only be to publish his disgrace. Could his wine have been drugged? But surely at a public dinner, at a first-rate place of entertainment, this was equally out of the question. There seemed no alternative but to suppose that carried away by the excitement of the occasion, Mr. Jones had fallen into one of those sudden frailties to which poor human nature, even that of the noblest, is subject. At first the weeping wife had felt as if the offense was beyond all pardon; but gradually a softer feeling came over her, and she felt that, though the wrong could never be forgotten, it might in time be possible to forgive it. And then she mentally rehearsed the painful scene which would take place between herself and her erring husband on his return to consciousness and self-respect; and she had just arranged a few little speeches to be spoken more in sorrow than in anger when suddenly a latch-key was heard in the door, and in walked Mr. Jones himself, calm and untroubled, without a hair out of place, or a crease on his showy shirt-front. Mrs. J. gazed at him a moment, scarcely believing her own eyes.

"Owen! and sober!" she exclaimed; then flung herself into his arms, and went into a fit of decided hysterics.

My darling wife, what on earth is the matter?

"O Owen, I am so thankful—I am so thankful; but then, who is the man in our bed?" said the little wife, as soon as her sobs would let her speak.

"The man in *our bed*? whatever do you mean?" said Mr. Jones.

"Oh, Owen dear, you can not imagine what I have gone through.

A cab came half an hour ago, and brought you home from the dinner; at least the cabman said it was you, very tipsy and fast asleep, and he had your card; and so I told him to put you—I mean to say him—in our room, and there he is now."

"The devil he is! I must have a look at this double of mine; and seizing a candle, Mr. Jones strode up stairs. Presently he again entered the room, and said: "I think I see how the thing happened. This fellow up stairs was at the dinner, and had more than was good for him at an early period of the evening. He was rather rude to me; but it was no use to be angry with a man in such a condition, so I merely handed him my card, and told him when he returned to his senses he might come and apologise, though I can not say I had much expectation that he would. What became of him afterwards I can not say. I smoked a cigar with our friend Griffiths, and then strolled leisurely home. I suppose he became too drunk to speak for himself, and finding my card about him, they assumed it to be his and sent him here accordingly. It puzzles me that you didn't find out the mistake."

"Well, dear, to tell you the truth, I was so shocked and horrified that you should be, as I supposed in such a condition, that I would not even see you, or let Mary do so either; so I sent her down stairs, and told the cabman to take the wretched man up to our room. But whatever shall we do now? The idea of a drunken wretch in our bed! It's too horrible!"

"We mustn't be too hard upon him, dear. I could see at a glance that he was one of our poorer brethren; I dare say a hard-working sober man enough in a general way, but the temptation of a good dinner and unlimited liquor was too much for him. Besides, dear, we must consider the occasion. It is the immemorial privilege of every Welshman to get drunk, if he likes, on St. David's Day. Some of us waive it, but that's not to the purpose. We must move into the spare room for to-night, that's all. You had better give Mary orders accordingly; and, at the same time, it will be as well to restore my blackened character by showing her that I am not quite so far gone as she imagines."

Mrs. Jones rang the bell.

"O Owen," she said, kissing him fondly, and still wavering between smiles and tears, "it is such a relief, I can't tell you. I am so thankful it wasn't you."

Mary's face when she opened the door was a picture.

"Lor ma'am! Lor sir!" she said, looking from one to the other.

"It's all right, Mary, said her master. "You will be relieved to hear that the gentleman up stairs is another Mr. Jones. There has been a little mistake, that's all; and your mistress and I are going to sleep in the spare room."

CHAPTER III.

Evan Jones woke on the morning following the eventful dinner hot and feverish, with a tremendous headache, and an agonizing feeling of thirst.

"O, my poor head," he groaned. "Betsey, my gal," imagining his wife was beside him, "for mercy's sake get out and give me a drink of water, there's a good soul."

Then there was no answer.

"I suppose she's gone down stairs. O, lor, my head!" and he tried to settle himself to sleep again, but his parched throat was unbearable. "I must have a drink of water if I die for it," and he unwillingly opened his eyes, and dragged himself into a sitting posture.

"Hallo," he exclaimed, as his eyes fell on his unaccustomed surroundings, "where the deuce have I got to, and how did I come here? Why, it's like a fairy tale. I must be a nobleman in disguise, or one of them founding asylum chaps come into a fortune. Jones, you old fool, you're dreaming. I ain't though. Lor, what a bed! and lace curtains and marble tables; and what lots of looking glasses! 'Pon my word, I should like never to get up any more. I must have a glass of water, though. Ah, that's just heavenly! Now let me think a bit. How did I come here? Let's see, what was yesterday? Yes, it must have been yesterday that I went to the Welsh dinner. I remember going, but I don't remember coming away; and judging from my head home all night. My eyes, what! Betsey say? I shall never hear the last of it to my day."

At that moment our hero's reflections were interrupted by a knock at

the chamber door.

"Come in!" he shouted incautiously; "at least, no; don't come in—I mean, what is it?"

The voice of Mary, the parlor maid, replied.

"Master's compliments, and he says breakfast is ready for you, sir, whenever you can come down stairs."

"My respects to your master, and I'll be down directly, miss," answered Jones.

"Well, that's a comfort, anyhow," he soliloquised, "for 'pon my word, I didn't know whether I mightn't be given in custody for sleeping in other people's beds under false pretenses; or embezzling another gent's house, or something of that sort. How the deuce did I get here, that's what beats me!"

Still vainly trying to solve the enigma, Evan made a hurried toilet, and finally, with his head still aching as if it would split, and looking a wreck of yesterday's greatness, he left the room and crept slowly down stairs. The evidences of wealth and luxury on every side, so unlike his own humble belongings, quite awed him, and having found his way down, he would not venture into any of the sitting-rooms, but modestly took his seat on a chair in the hall, and waited for the development of events. Here he was found after a few moments by Mr. Owen Jones, who wished him a friendly good morning.

"I've seen you somewhere, I know, sir," said Evan; "but I can't for the life of me tell where."

"Can't you?" said the host, smiling. "We were both at the Welsh dinner last night, and one of us took a little too much."

Alight suddenly flashed across Evan's mind.

"I remember now, sir; I'm afraid I was very rude to you."

"Well, you were a little plain-spoken, and I gave you my card, and told you if you wished to apologise, you would know where to find me. I must say I didn't expect you would have come quite so soon, though. The fact is, you were brought here by the mistake of a cabman, who supposed my card was your own."

"I'm sure I humbly beg your pardon, sir," said poor Evan, completely crestfallen. "I can't think how I came so to disgrace myself; but to tell you the truth, sir, I'd had to pinch a bit to buy my ticket, and all day yesterday I hadn't tasted bit or sup since breakfast, and when it came to dinner-time I was that faint and weak that the very first glass seemed to set my head all swimming like. I'd let it go too long, sir, that's what it was. I humbly ask your pardon, I'm sure, for the trouble I've caused, and I thank you kindly for giving me a night's shelter. I feel I don't deserve your kindness, sir; but I'm grateful, I assure you."

And with tears in his eyes Evan moved humbly to the hall-door to depart.

"No, no," said Mr. Owen Jones; "you mustn't think of going without your breakfast. We are all Welsh here, and if a brother Welshman does take a glass too much on Saint David's Day, we know how to make the allowances for him. Come, step in here. We have had breakfast an hour ago; but Mrs. Jones is waiting to give you yours."

Looking very shamefaced and repentant, Evan Jones followed his namesake into the breakfast parlor, where Mrs. Jones, who had heard his humble confession and apology, gave him a kindly greeting, and he was soon seated before a snowy table-cloth and, as well as his headache would let him, enjoying a plentiful repast. During the meal his entertainers quietly drew him out, and were speedily behind the scenes as to his daily life and his hard struggles to keep the wolf from the door; and when he finally took his leave, a well-filled basket was waiting for him in the hall to take home as a present to the children. Nor was this by any means the last which found its way to the same quarter, sent by the same friendly hands; and I am sorry to say that of all days, that held in the highest veneration by the little Joneses is "the day when papa got so dreadfully tipsy at the Welsh dinner."

I feel that there *must* be a moral to this story somewhere, but I can't quite see where it lies. You can't call it exactly a temperance story, because, you observe, Evan Jones got a good night's lodging and made a couple of kind friends by getting drunk—which is not poetical justice by any means. After much anxious consideration, the only safe moral I can see is, that a married lady should never order any gentleman, however tipsy, to be put into her own bed without making quite sure, in the first place, that he is the gentleman who rightfully belongs to her.—London Society.

Editorial and Local Matters.

Our Weekly.

This number of the *Weekly Gazette* will be found to contain a full and complete account of proceedings in the famous *Rover* case, together with theories of defense and prosecution, and the result of jury deliberation; also correspondence from Surprise Valley, and extended letters from Wadsworth, Verdi and Franktown. Important State and general news will also be found in its columns, together with Tweed's confession, and an interesting story entitled "The Two Joneses, or a Tale of St. David's Day." The local and editorial departments will also be found to contain full discussions of all matters of local interest. This is the paper which the farmer wants, and it is prepared with a view to circulation in other counties and States. Send it to your friends. Price of single copies with wrapper, 10 cents.

Surprise Valley.

In another column will be found a letter from our correspondent in Surprise Valley, and we call the attention of citizens and business men to the suggestions offered. We should use some method and energy in providing a market in Reno for the grain of that region. With better facilities for communication with outlying valleys, and a more thorough disposition to patronize producers of our own section, Reno will become the agricultural center of this State and a portion of California, east of the Sierras. Our correspondent represents that their is still room for settlers, and from the extent of available land, it will be seen that the trade will soon be worth an effort. Reno is the natural point through which we should concentrate and distribute Nevada's supply of timber and agricultural products. The hay and garden produce of our own section, the grain of the northern valleys and the timber resources of Nevada and Lassen county are ample for the State. Why shall not these products be increased and utilized? There can certainly be no reason urged against such a project, and it is only necessary that we shall work for the interest of our neighbors. We must have competing lines, close communication by mail, and besides, show a disposition to patronize the resources of our own State. A little positive effort will make Reno the distributing point for this State. The resources which immediately surround us could, if properly encouraged, clothe and feed our population, and keep much of our circulating medium at home. The citizens of Surprise Valley find themselves driven elsewhere because their mail facilities to our town are entirely insufficient. Can we not remedy this, and are there not other favors which we should, in our own interests, extend toward that region?

We are glad to publish the communication in the hope that it may cause a discussion and remedy of the evil, and we want every farmer in the Northern section to know that we name ourselves his friend, and will try at all times to further his interests.

Laura De Force Gordon has traveled in a mud wagon from Oakland to Pacheco, and thinks she has seen some staging. Listen:

But we look upon the stage as the pioneer of civilization, and for drivers have always entertained a great admiration. From the earliest establishment of stage lines to Mr. Greeley's famous ride behind Hank Monk's mustangs, and the bloodless rencontre between "Curly Bill" and General Roseau, in which the latter was defeated, we think the whole fraternity deserving of great praise. For the most part they are careful, polite, faithful and brave, driving with a strong hand and steady nerve along a hand's breadth of road skirting yawning chasms 1,000 feet in depth, or rolling over the broad valleys, always conscious of their superior power in controlling their horses, however restless and rebellious they may be.

Laura has a stout imagination, and would probably get seasick crossing a creek in a stage. Had she crossed the mountains in early days with "the boys" she would never have recovered.

The case of the United States vs. Messrs. Locan, Pickett and Commis was to-day brought before U. S. Commissioner, T. W. Julian, for hearing. The Commissioner held them over to await the action of the Grand Jury, with bail fixed at \$1,000 each.

Dividing Utah.

The Gentile papers in Utah are discussing the proposition of dividing the Territory and parceling it out among the adjoining States and Territories. The *Corinne Record* ably and warmly advocates the measure as the cheapest, easiest and best way of solving the Mormon question. The Territories of Idaho, Montana and Arizona, could easily take care of the Mormons in the extreme northern and southern counties of Utah, while the central portion of Mormondom should be apportioned equally between Nevada and Colorado.—*Silver State*.

It might be well for purposes of economy to divide the stakes and enrich the adjoining States and Territories, but we should not advocate such a course for the purpose of "taking care of the Mormons." No, scarcely. We have another plan which will take care of them effectually and more in the spirit of justice. At the risk of censure we will hold to the belief that the United States Government can enforce her laws; and admitting that fact, here is our plan: Let us resolve to permit or forbid this polygamous life, and having resolved, carry out our views. If the Government counts the slavery of women legitimate, let us know it and smile upon our disgrace. If on the other hand our rulers are ambitious to raise the national name above the Persian or Egyptian level, let them show it. There have been enough putty men sent to Utah; enough trifling with national honor; and more than enough truckling to the sensuous villain who owns that polygamous herd. If we respect our own laws let them be enforced; and the only fair apportionment will be in the streets of Salt Lake City, where each murderer and villain shall adorn his own lamp-post, and the spirit of law become adequate to the protection of honest men.

A Mistake.

The *Silver State* in speaking of the Silver State, says:

This State requires more property and population to support its government. The refusal of the bonanza men to pay taxes on the net proceeds of their mines and the inability of the courts, so far, to compel them, has reduced the State to beggary, and the acquisition of a slice of Utah or some other rich territory that would increase the revenue of the State, would be very acceptable.

We believe that the editor has been reading the *Enterprise*, and has not read its editorials closely enough to see the malice, bought and paid for, which that journal harbors toward its opponents. We do not know how matters may stand in the Great East, but these assertions are not regarded as worthy of notice in this section. The State is not by any means bankrupt, and will run for some time yet. The stock market promises to become a more legitimate field for investment, and certain proposed retrenchments will place the bonanza kings upon a better footing, and enable them to pay their taxes. No doubt exists as to the collection of these taxes in full, and capitalists know that State warrants are good investments, promising speedy returns. With the forbearance of the *Enterprise* the State will undoubtedly live for ten years yet.

STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL.—When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a town to have a public library, it is also at that same time matter for concern that ye good people shall render unto ye good cause hearty support. And if per adventure such undertaking should be encompassed and embarrassed with sundry and trifling debts during the strawberry season, what more natural course than for the gentle ladies, loving good books and their influence, shall devise and institute a "berry auction," to be held in McGinley's arena upon Monday evening next.

And when ye newspaper man—a generous man is he—shall be consulted, what more natural than with flourish of pen and eager anticipation he doth make words anent the berry auction aforesaid, averring that he hath seen the ladies and their good purposes, together with the strawberries, and vouches that the same are already above reproach, together with the cream which the milkman donateth, and the music which Messrs. Scott & Parks will discourse for the dance free of charge. We do verily believe that mouths shall water, men grow generous, and debts disappear at the coming strawberry festival.

Our local is getting migratory. To Wadsworth one day, Verdi the next, and Franktown the next.

Jottings.

The Reno Library intend giving a strawberry festival next Monday evening for the benefit of the library. Everybody should be at the festival. Go and get your money's worth and aid a public benefit.

Jim Holbrook, John Lee, G. W. Sawyer and W. D. Donaldson, from Wadsworth, are in town to-day. They are here on Court business. They report times dull in Wadsworth.

W. H. Getchell has taken advantage of 48's absence and arrayed himself in costly apparel.

The A. & P. office is surrounded by logs.

Yesterday morning a party of six men from Virginia passed through town en route to the Black Hills. By glancing over a letter to be found in another column, it will be seen that the Black Hills are not the best quarters for mining men, and especially those with lean purses.

Mr. J. Prescott has a large stock of ladies' 3-button kids. See local ads. for price.

Governor L. R. Bradley is in town to-day. To-night he takes passage on the overland for a two months' visit to Elko. The Governor is in fine health and spirits.

There will be a grand May day celebration at the Glendale Hotel, on the 1st of May. A first class dance will take place in the evening, and all who attend will have a splendid time. See the advertisement.

W. D. Phillips has been appointed agent for the Cunard line of steamers.

H. N. Riggins is fitting up a neat little room next to Dr. Frederick's bathing establishment to be used soon as a fruit and vegetable store.

A heavy quartz schooner is an ornament to the V. & T. platform. Tramps sleep in it.

Wm. Kehew, formerly a well known resident of Reno, is sojourning in Truckee.

The Granger House will prepare a grand banquet for the evening of April 26th. Tickets \$2.00. See advertisement.

Jim Gray of Elko fame is now chief mixologist for Dave McFarland. They say that weighty men are always good natured, and it certainly holds out in this instance, for Gray has a smile and joke for every pound of his 284 avoirdupois.

Thirty-two by one hundred are the dimensions of the dancing floor which is being laid in the V. & T. freight-house for the Odd Fellows' ball. It is going to make a nice solid place to dance, and we know of a number of solid men who expect to dance on it.

Next to being polite and carefully assisting good looking young ladies to alight from his train, the Nevada railroad conductor's most important duty consists in keeping at least one end of his train clear of vagabonds and dead beats.

The Knights propose to give three socials during the month of May. Gala times ahead, and lots of fun for Renosites.

J. K. Everett is erecting a cozy home next to the residence of H. H. Beck. J. K. is very reticent upon the subject, from which we infer that he has serious intentions. We have suspected Mr. Everett for some time, but our suspicions are now fearfully aroused. Cards printed at this office on the most liberal terms. We don't mean to insinuate that our friend Everett intends getting married, for this would possibly cause many of his friends to take advantage of his good nature and pass jokes at his expense. We want it understood, however, that we have a standing invitation.

THIN.—To receive a meal in charity, and then when you get flush with a dollar to go and eat at the same place and impress the man with your honesty and independence by paying for the original grub. So far, so good; but all this little allusion is dispelled a day or two afterward when you strike your benefactor for a loan of \$15 cold.

Mason's Combination Pens are meeting with Great Sales. Over one thousand gross sold since January 1st. Send for Samples and Prices.

H. S. CROCKER & CO.,
It Sacramento, Cal.

TO WOODBRIDGE.—Jas. McMahon, who thought the devil was in his head, went below Wednesday night, in company with Asa Dawson.

The Rover Case Concluded.

Counsellor T. W. Davies, for the defense, concluded his argument Wednesday afternoon, and the Court adjourned to meet at 7:30 P. M. Promptly at that hour the Court reconvened, and ex-District Attorney Grass, of Humboldt county, took the floor for the closing effort of the prosecution. Mr. Grass was entirely conversant with the minutest facts of the case, and thoroughly fair in his treatment of the defendant, Rover. His effort was well received, although shortened on account of the lateness of the hour and condition of the jury. Mr. Grass concluded at 9:45 P. M., and owing to the late hour the Judge gave the jury in charge of the officers, and ordered them to appear Thursday morning at 10 o'clock. At the time named the jury appeared in Court, and was charged by His Honor, Judge Wright, after which they retired to the jury-room for deliberation. This famous case has attracted much comment during the last two years, has cost Humboldt county, \$20,000, and is now to be decided. We have, therefore, induced counsel to prepare theories of both prosecution and defense, which we herewith hand to our readers.

THEORY OF THE PROSECUTION.

1. It is shown that Sharp was murdered, as his body was found and showed such marks of violence as to establish this fact.
2. Rover shows by his statement before a Justice of the Peace that he was an eye-witness, or rather, knew exactly how the homicide had been accomplished, with every minutiae thereof, and accuses McWorthy thereof.
3. This raises the issue who, or which person did commit the homicide—McWorthy or Rover—it lies between the two.
4. Thus we have the direct and positive testimony of Rover that McWorthy did the act, against the accusation of McWorthy before the same Justice, that Rover did it.
5. No other persons are claimed by either party to have committed the homicide, and the circumstances surrounding the entire transaction from the first acquaintance at Lodi, Cal., in February 1875 until the 18th of April, 1875, when Rover was arrested and both parties preferred their charges against each other, are thoroughly investigated to arrive at the motive for the crime that either party might have, and who of these two men is the guilty party—Rover or McWorthy.

Rover relies on his statement that he has seen McWorthy shoot Sharp. McWorthy does not rely on the fact that he has seen Rover do it, but that the circumstances acquit him, and unerringly point to the guilt of Rover. It is circumstantial evidence against direct and positive testimony of a living person.

It is contended by the State that Rover represented to McWorthy at Lodi, California, that he had a sulphur mine 12 miles from the Humboldt House, and wanted McWorthy to come up, and buy an interest. McWorthy did come up, but Rover failed to take him to his mine, having no mine.

Thereupon McWorthy procured an Indian familiar with the country, and who knew where there was sulphur, and Rover, the Indian and McWorthy went out, and located the mine in McWorthy's own name, excluding Rover, who was dissatisfied; that the parties returned to the house of Clark & Osborne, and left Rover there to await the return of McWorthy, who had gone to Oakland on business connected with the mine, and who returned in about a week, with deceased Sharp, who was to have an interest in the mine if he desired to purchase, or else McWorthy would pay him wages; that on the arrival of McWorthy and his friend Sharp at the Osborne house, Rover acted different, was more morose than before, and on the departure to the mine expressed himself to the effect that McWorthy and Sharp were about to throw him off in the mine, and they would see how they would come out; that the party, with a surveyor, went out to the mine and Sharp and Rover remained there alone at work. McWorthy returned to Mill City for a team to haul the sulphur to the railroad. He remained there several days when Sharp came out to Mill City for a pair of boots for himself, and one pair for Rover and some tobacco, and expressed himself to the effect that he and Rover could not get on together at the mine. The parties returned to a spring four miles from the mining camp. Sharp the same evening loaded a horse and took Rover's boots in to the camp at the mine, McWorthy and Osborne remaining at the spring all night. This was the last seen of Sharp alive.

Next morning Rover came out from the camp at the mine to the spring, and both returned to the camp, Rover wearing the boots. McWorthy inquired about Rover, who said he had gone off somewhere. This is the day fixed by Rover as the one that McWorthy shot Sharp. Next morning Rover took the only horse they had to the spring for water, as they had none at the mine. So, a week passed, McWorthy always asking Rover about Sharp, who always said he did not know. At last McWorthy went to Osborne's place and was advised to arrest Rover; and thereupon the Sheriff and his assistants went out to the

camp; found the remains; track they took to have been made by Rover, leading from one part of the remains to another.

The threats and ill feeling of Rover towards the arrival of Sharp at the mine, his fear of Sharp discharging him altogether and he would have no interest whatsoever therein; and other causes unknown; the tracks in the sand; the action of Rover from the time he alleges he saw McWorthy kill Sharp; his never making any complaint; remaining at the camp, sleeping in the same bed with McWorthy; and all his actions when the remains were found, are the circumstances on which the State relies to refute the direct positive testimony of Rover that McWorthy did the act, and by these circumstances fasten the same on Rover.

THEORY OF THE DEFENSE.

In presenting the theory and facts as claimed by the defense in the case of the State vs. Rover, the defendant's counsel first mercilessly reviewed McWorthy's several business transactions with Rover, Sharp, Wright and Egbert in relation to locations of sulphur deposits, and insisted that his conduct towards each of them had been characterized by fraud, bad faith and treachery; that the man McWorthy was desirous of controlling the sulphur interests in Humboldt county, and to that end had deceived Rover as to his location; had re-located Wright and Egbert's location, and had deceived Sharp as to his interests; had fraudulently obtained Sharp's money, and had taken down and destroyed Sharp's location notice; that McWorthy was jealous of any other parties acquiring any interest in the sulphur business; charged Sharp, Rover and Osborne with conspiring against him, and was ready to resort to any means to monopolize and control the sulphur supply from that section. The defense claimed further, that McWorthy had borrowed considerable money from Sharp, and that Sharp was demanding a satisfactory settlement and cleaning up of their business, and was charging McWorthy with treachery, fraud and deception. These matters were adverted to, as evidencing *malice* on the part of McWorthy, to be hostile to Sharp, and in addition it was urged that on the evening of the 8th of April, 1875, the man Sharp was shot in an altercation by McWorthy, at the camp near the mine, and his body dragged up the ravine.

It was further argued, at great length, that there was an utter *absence of motive* on the part of Rover to do injury to Sharp; as Rover was anxious to develop the sulphur mine and Sharp was assisting him with his personal services and his money.

The defense further urged that numerous circumstances pointed unmistakably to McWorthy as the murderer of Sharp, independently of the direct testimony of Rover of the shooting of Sharp by McWorthy. That on the evening of the 8th of April, while McWorthy and Rover were at the mine, an Indian came up, and after a brief and hurried conversation between them, they left in company in the direction of the Wright mine. The next seen of McWorthy as claimed by defense, was at the camp in company with Sharp, where Rover testifies to the shooting. That night (April 8th) Rover was ordered by McWorthy to go to bed early, McWorthy remaining up; and the next morning he was sent off to the spring, returning about 1 o'clock. During the night of April 8th, and on the morning of the next day, the defense claimed that McWorthy had opportunity to dispose of the remains of Sharp.

It was further urged that the remains, especially the head, had been interred carefully, with a view to preservation, discovery and identification. That the monuments on each side of the head had been placed there by some person who desired the same to be discovered, and that McWorthy, who made complaint against Rover, charging him with the commission of the crime, and causing his arrest, was the only person who could have desired the discovery of the head.

It was also urged that if Rover had any desire to make way with Sharp he had abundant opportunity to do so during the six or eight days that they were alone, before Sharp's return to Mill City on the 8th of April; and that it was exceedingly improbable that he would suffer such safe occasions to pass, and kill Sharp when he knew that McWorthy and others were in the immediate neighborhood and would be at the camp in a few hours. The murderous blow dealt Rover by McWorthy, from behind and unawares, when Rover was handcuffed and shackled, and in the custody of the law, was denounced as in an extreme degree dastardly and infamous, and as the prisoner was talking to the Sheriff, it was contended that McWorthy was endeavoring to silence the most important witness against him. It was further insisted that the fact of McWorthy's endeavoring to account to Rover for the absence of Sharp, in the most unreasonable manner, was entitled to be considered as a strong circumstance of McWorthy's guilt. And again, that the sacks in which the remains were found buried were not at the camp until after the time it was sought to prove that Rover had committed the crime, and that he had had no opportunity of killing, cutting up and burying Sharp after the arrival of the sacks, and that McWorthy had such opportunity. A multitude of other circumstances were marshaled in force, showing, as claimed by the de-

fense, the unquestionable guilt of the man McWorthy.

The law governing cases of circumstantial evidence of motive and of reasonable doubt was discussed at great length and the positions of the defense fortified with a deluge of authority.

Whether Rover ever had it before, he has now enjoyed that fair and impartial trial guaranteed to every man charged with crime.

A large crowd of anxious persons lingered about the halls and warm stoves at the Court House all day Thursday, in expectation of the verdict in the Rover case. They were doomed to a long watch however, and saving an occasional loud word from the jury room, they found little reward for their diligence. While the jury was still out, Thursday afternoon, we called to see Rover at the County Jail, and found him in a very pleasant frame of mind. He was satisfied with the trial, and believed that the prosecution "had no case in court." Rover was especially enthusiastic in his approval of Judge Wright's charge to the jury, saying that, in his opinion, it could not have been excelled for fairness and high legal tone. He was slightly disappointed, however, that the jury had not reported before that time, but thought with his attorney, that the decision must be favorable to him. He conversed upon side topics with the utmost good nature, and related many incidents connected with his former trials. Still, we thought his mind was with the suppressed voices which reached us occasionally from the jury-room overhead.

About 8 P. M. the jury reported that they had given up any hope of an agreement, and were accordingly discharged. The vote stood for a long time six to six, the jury being evenly divided between murder in the first degree and acquittal, but, toward the last, the feeling changed, and Rover gained two votes. The discussion in the jury room for a time, was quite heated, as one of the jurymen wearily remarked to us, "there was a considerable talk in there, I tell you."

So ends the second year and third trial of the famous Rover case. The interest begins to wane, and the next trial may leave it as far from solution as ever.

Letter from the Black Hills.

By the permission of Mr. J. S. Shoemaker we publish the following letter, written to him by John C. Bowmer, who was an Assemblyman in the last Legislature of this State. Mr. Bowmer is a miner of several years' experience and a gentleman whose word is perfectly reliable:

DEADWOOD, DAKOTA, April 11.

I arrived here several days ago; was seven days from Cheyenne; the stage fare was \$50, and \$1 each for meals and lodgings; did not travel nights; saw no Indians, although they are supposed to be numerous on the line of travel. There is a large emigration to this country, especially from the East; very few California or Nevada men here. I think we passed about one thousand pilgrims on the road between Cheyenne and Deadwood.

I have visited nearly all the mines within ten miles of this place, and taken all together do not think very favorably of the country. The gulch mines will not prove very rich or extensive; I think but few of them will pay to work. There are some quartz mines which show free gold, and some of the ore looks rich, but there are no defined ledges, although the mines may prove to be rich and permanent. My opinion of the country is not favorable. I think it is the poorest mining camp that I ever saw. I shall probably remain here some time to see how the country develops.

TRIAL POSTPONED.—Robert Logan, J. H. Pickett and L. R. Commis who were arrested in Lincoln county and brought to Reno Wednesday, were admitted to bail before Court Commissioner T. V. Julien. The charge was attempt to defraud the government, and the trial was set for Thursday, but postponed until Friday to await the arrival of Gen. R. M. Clarke, counsel for defense. General Clarke arrived last night, but was compelled owing to serious illness in his family to go on to Carson. The case has been again postponed to await his return to-morrow.

P. W. Morris, of Michigan, has been appointed by Secretary Schurz Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park. The President has appointed William Penn Prescott, of Nevada, Assayer of the Mint at Carson, Nev.

The *Enterprise* has labored through several fons of reasoning and brings in a verdict of "justifiable seduction" against Lucky Baldwin.

RENO WEEKLY GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

ALEXANDER & HAYDEN,
PUBLISHERS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One year, in advance, \$4.00
Six months, 2.50
Three months, 1.50

Office in McFarlin's building, Sierra Street, north of the Railroad.

Saturday, April 21st, 1877.

Spotted Tail as a Peace Commissioner.

The gentleman in question is by instinct a blood letter, by profession a murderer, and later, by necessity, a peace commissioner. It seems that we have progressed to such a pitch of civilization that we make distinctions among criminals for ability, and we think it mete that Spotted Tail should come in for his share. And just as many men are anxious to see Tweed, a confessed thief, turned loose again upon the people, so would we gently urge that Mr. Tail be taken up and fattened for his next campaign. Tweed stole many millions of dollars and now offers part of them for his liberty; even so the adroit Spotted Tail has incited and encouraged many murders, but being a versatile savage then turned peace commissioner and secured personal immunity. He went out to the hostile bands to bring them in, and perhaps arranged the time and methods for another massacre. Food was getting scarce with Crazy Horse and the other wild beasts under his command, and Spotted Tail, taking them by the stomachs, lead them into the agency. Then the work was done and Spotted Tail was pronounced a success. But just as the satisfaction of physical wants brings about a contented frame of mind, so a full stomach brings the Indian back again to his normal savagery, and Crazy Horse having replenished his supplies is now in the field, covered with war paint, and prospecting for miners. Is Spotted Tail to blame for this? Certainly not, rather lay it to the poor rations provided at agencies which forces the poor Indian out into the cold world where he must murder white men or die of ennu. Let us send out Spotted Tail again; he may have made mistakes; but so also did Tweed and every other precious villain who has graced our time. A little more powder, a little more peace commission, a few more murders; that is the humane course; let's pursue it to the end.

Stocks.

The stock market of Monday was a little healthier in tone than that of Saturday last, and many hope that the bottom has been reached. But we would counsel purchasers to think carefully before venturing upon the market. The *Evening Post*, of San Francisco, which has always been a consistent supporter of the stock market at high rates, in reviewing the market of Monday, does not show much confidence in the level reached. The *Post* makes a vigorous appeal for a State Commission to regulate stock jobbing, and advises people to stop marginal dealing until they are afforded more protection. The better tone of yesterday can be ascribed more to the natural reaction from Saturday's panic than to any other cause. Dispatches from San Francisco tell of street talk affecting the financial condition of prominent manipulators. The public has been driven from the market, leaving their earnings in the purses of the successful bears. The fact that there are always huge blocks of Bonanza shares to be sacrificed, points out the fact that the inside have not the utmost confidence, and the action of the Nevada Bank in refusing more than \$20 on Bonanza shares, makes possible a further reduction. The success of the bear faction has no doubt multiplied their numbers, while the losses of their opponents have no doubt rendered the bulls more helpless. Take these in, with the fact that the people have withdrawn from the fight, and we see no cause which can stay the movement except the announcement of positive developments. There is no reason why the market is not more at the mercy of the bears to-day, than at any time during the panic. Hence we say, beware of margins, and don't forsake legitimate profit for chance.

Fruit and Meat Shipping.

Its Importance to this Coast.

We have great hopes in regard to the probable effect of shipping meat and fruits direct to consumers. Meat has been shipped to England for some time in refrigerator cars, and the result has been in some localities a reduction of one penny per pound to consumers. An attempt was made some time since to transport Australian meat to the London market, but the enterprise failed because of the necessity of crossing the tropics, and the difficulty encountered in maintaining an even temperature.

The principle of refrigeration has, however, been successfully applied in transportation between our Northern and Southern States, carrying fresh meat south, and returning to us semi-tropical fruits and even picked flowers. The experiment has been extended, between our Northern ports and England, proving a perfect success. Shipments of American beef to the London market during January reached an aggregate of 1,580 tons, and the prime condition in which the meat arrived has justified the erection of large refrigerating depots in London.

The benefits of this new industry are to be distributed evenly between producer and consumer, doing away with the middle men, who must now have their profit and who often lower the producer's gain and raise the consumer's loss in order to make their percentage good.

According to the new project, meat will not lose in weight or condition during shipment, a desirable object for both buyer and seller to secure. It will effectually lessen the distance to the world's markets, and call the supply from that point where it may be more easily produced. It will enlarge the market for our Western products, and render valuable our grazing and agricultural valleys which are now common property. It will centre the agricultural products of different sections about the shipping points and make them profitable in securing a direct exchange of products with other sections.

The United States, owing to their large agricultural possessions, must directly profit by these facilities, and especially this Western section with its wonderful harvests and grazing lands. The field is practically unlimited, and there can be little doubt that the shipment of dressed meats will soon supersede the cruel and unprofitable methods which have been hitherto in vogue. Reno is to be one of the principle depots in this section, and we predict a good time for the farmers when the new enterprise begins to work. Every ox and calf will be three thousand miles nearer market, and each pound of alfalfa which we can raise will find its way east and west in the form of beef dressed for the consumer.

BIG MEADOWS AS A FARMING DISTRICT—ITS AGRICULTURAL PROSPECTS.—From H. C. Wingate, a gentleman engaged in farming at Big Meadows, Humboldt county, we learn that improvements of all kinds are being constantly made in that section, and the locality bids fair to become one of the most prosperous farming districts in our state. An abundance of water for irrigating purposes is furnished by the Humboldt river, a large dam and ditch serving as the means of irrigation for all the ranches in the vicinity. The principal crops are oats, barley, alfalfa and potatoes, the yield and superior quality of the latter vegetable being, it is safe to say, rarely excelled in any agricultural region on the coast. Settlers are flocking in rapidly, and it is understood that the Railroad Company will shortly locate a station and open a telegraph office either at Lovelocks, near by, or at the Meadows. Two town sites have been laid out, and the happy holder of "corner lots" feels jubilant over the bright prospects for a speculation. Natchez, the Plute chief, owns a quarter section of good farming land near the river, which is now in charge of his brother, who has had a number of years experience in farming near Santa Clara, Cal., and who proposes to demonstrate what the red man knows about farming.

The Louisiana Commission will probably return to Washington on Monday of next week. The troops will be withdrawn although the date of the withdrawal has not yet been determined.

It is affirmed that at the opening of the next session Jim Blaine will attack Stanley Mathews and the President's policy.

Packard's Letter.

S. B. Packard, the Republican claimant to Louisiana's Gubernatorial Chair, has addressed another letter to President Hayes upon the subject of the Commission sent to his State. Packard has been uniformly wise and moderate in the advocacy of his claims, and his letter evidently comes from a man who believes he is defending principle. He claims that instructions given to the Commission have been irrelevant and tended merely towards the abandonment of one State Government as matter of expediency rather than of legal rights. He begs respectfully that the investigation may be directed towards facts and a decision upon legal grounds. Packard also points out the fact that he is willing to submit his claims to any equitable adjustment, but deprecates the haughty stand which Nicholls and adherents have assumed without regard to law or facts.

It is affirmed that the "Matthews Foster bargain" still forms a basis for the arrogance of the Nicholls faction, and Packard asks that their minds may be disabused of this delusion. The Nicholls government have refused the plan of Legislative adjustment, which was certainly impartial, and now Packard wants the Commission to report whether there is not armed opposition to the lawful government, and whether his organization is not entitled to the government of Louisiana.

This is certainly a just demand. The Commission has no virtues or functions unless it can look into facts and law to decide these questions. Unless the legal rights be discussed, the decision must be made as matter of expediency which might evidently be unjust. Although expedient, it remains to be seen whether the South Carolina decision will prove matter of justice; and since a Republican President was chosen by Louisiana, there must certainly be some strength in the cause of a Republican Governor. The case may be decided in favor of Nicholls, but such a decision must rest upon a broader basis than expediency. Advisability can not outweigh justice, and we can see no reason why every Republican State should not defend Louisiana's vote on State affairs, as well as her choice for Chief Magistrate.

Tweed Confesses (?).

We are informed, through Tuesday's dispatches, that Tweed has made an absolute tender of all his property, and agrees, in effect, to furnish New York with a sensation if he may be set at liberty. As might have been expected, the desire for novelty has overcome the respect for justice, and the most unblushing and unscrupulous knave of this century is to be turned loose. Tweed stole millions, and proposes to return a few thousands; does this satisfy justice? He who swore he never paid out money for certain purposes, now agrees to confess himself a perjurer in order that others may undergo his punishment. What guarantee is there for the statement of such a man, or the oaths of his confederates? Has he not confessed to the most villainous robbery known to political history? Then why shall we prostitute the public ear with inclining towards his selfish plans for escaping punishment? Where will he stop? May he not impeach his enemies through hate, and mete out unjust punishment to those who have prosecuted him? What good are we to achieve through his release, and what guarantee have we that one single truth will escape him? It is time that we cease our groveling respect for former greatness and "aggregated wealth," and begin to treat thieves and villains according to their deserts. Tweed is a confessed thief and villain, and yet he is the object of more care and solicitude than many a general officer who defended his flag, offered his life in defense of right, and carried home the scars of honorable strife. Why is it?

All indications in Europe point toward war. England offered to sign the Protocol if Russia would disarm, which was refused. The Montenegrin delegates have left Constantinople and the Russian representatives were on the eve of departure. A declaration of war will be contemporaneous with the latter event. It is hoped that Austria will remain neutral.

Tweed's Confession.

The New York *World's* Albany special of April 17th says: Townsend, Tweed's counsel arrived to-night with Tweed's confession. It gives the history of the ring from its inception; how Tweed, Sweeney and Hall were elected to fat offices. It implicates several Republican Senators, as well as the New York Board of Supervisors. Hall's proportion was ten per cent. He shared in the profits and was in full collusion, fully aware of the fraudulent nature of the documents he signed. With reference to the document purporting to be a record of the proceedings of the Board of Audit of May, 1876, on which Hall on his trial secured an acquittal on the ground that he acted only in a ministerial character. Tweed says it was manufactured after the exposure. Among the various persons to whom he paid money for their influence in the Legislature, was Hugh Hastings editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*. He gave Hastings a check for \$20,000. Tweed also gave Hastings additional amounts. Hastings brought Jay Gould to him, and the Erie influence of Gould and Fisk was used in favor of Tweed and his associates. The confession says all the painting and book-cases in Recorder Hackett's house were paid for by the city. He gives the names of five persons who, if a promise of immunity be given them, will swear to the truth of all his statements. He has preserved all his checks, and kept a memoranda of all his transactions, all of which will be placed at the disposal of the State.

Five persons are named as receiving large amounts, viz: E. D. Barber, Ex-Senator James Pierce of Brooklyn, Alexander Frear and Wm. King. Shortly after the publication of the secret accounts in July, 1871, Tweed says Bixby and Ex-Sheriff, then State Senator James O'Brien, came to him and offered to secure him against any further investigation of his bank accounts, or indeed from any further trouble if he would pay \$150,000 toward O'Brien's claim against the city for \$290,000 for unpaid fees. The two represented to him that they had such influence over Tilden, Judge Barrett and William C. Barrett as to quash any indictment which might be brought against him or any further steps in the pending investigation. Tweed says he has paid them \$20,000 in cash and mortgages which they afterward collected, and he understands that they secured the same amount from Connolly upon the same representations. He says he does not consider that O'Brien's claim has any real merit.

Active preparations are said to be in progress at the Ludlow-street Jail, looking to an early release of Tweed. He has packed his books, pictures and other appointments, and is ready to leave whenever the pending arrangements are perfected. He has made an absolute tender of all his property to the city, but it is said to be of little comparative value, consisting only of the property at Lake Mohopoc, a few lots in this city, and a place on the Sound, where his wife now is. All the rest has been gradually dissipated, much of it having been sold at one-third of its value, and all of it used in paying lawyers' fees and the expense of his flight and captivity. The prisoner is said to be very much broken and dispirited.

A Souix village has surrendered to General Crook and others are reported as willing to be forgiven. If Crook is not succeeded by Spotted Tail we shall soon hear good news from the frontier.

Adam Clark of the House has received further intelligence in regard to the political hue of the next House. He places the Democratic majority at ten.

The last two shipments of Grand Prize bullion, Tuscarora district, by Wells, Fargo & Co., amounted to \$12,846 68.

The summonses in the case of the State vs. the Con. Virginia and California Mining Companies have been served by Sheriff Kelly.

Laura Fair is credited with getting away with \$7,600 of Lucky Baldwin's "aggregated wealth." It would seem that his proverbial luck had chopped.

State Printer Hill has returned from San Francisco.

A serious conflict of races is reported in Oglethorpe county Georgia.

Wadsworth Items.

On Tuesday morning we dropped down to Wadsworth to spend the day among our neighbors and become better acquainted with them. We found a cold, piercing wind blowing from the west, but every one was busy at work, regardless alike of cold weather and dull times. Stepping into the Wadsworth House we found D. Allen at his post, ready to fill the hungry. J. E. Lewis has rented the bar of the hotel and is thoroughly over-hauling and putting it in fine shape. He keeps a fine quality of liquors and cigars. J. E. is a fine fellow.

Nichols is steadily maintaining the good reputation of the Central Hotel. Mrs. M. S. Coolidge runs a first-class bakery. P. Gillespie, Joe Smith and Jack Page wait on the thirsty in the best style. Ed. Fowler we found as good looking and jolly as ever; he attributes it all to reading the *Gazette*. Our former townsman, Mr. Roff, is doing a fair business in the harness line. Walking down street we met J. F. Gladding, the ladies' man of Wadsworth. He made no apologies, stuck out his honest hand and gave us a hearty welcome, and in spite of all we could say took us down to dinner. In the evening he escorted us around among the business men, but somehow he managed to get us into the presence of several very pleasant and, by the way, good looking ladies. We had the pleasure of listening to the Wadsworth band, and for the practice which they have had we must say that they play extraordinarily well.

Yesterday the wages of the employees of the C. P. R. R. workshops were cut down ten per cent.

To-morrow evening Wadsworth takes on a social party at Gladding's elegant hall.

We walked over to the school house but found no children there. On inquiring the cause thereof we found that Miss Middlemis had tendered her resignation and closed school at noon that day. The school-room was as neat a one as we have ever seen and has a real cozy appearance. The news spread all over town and the remainder of the day was the main theme of conversation. From several reliable parties we learned the following to be the state of affairs: Miss Middlemis has taught school there for five months and gave entire satisfaction to all parties. Last week she hired some help and gave the ink-stained desks a good cleaning. In doing so she removed some of the varnish. One evening, several days ago, she attended a social at the Central Hotel and did not leave the social before 12 o'clock. No one thought these actions were wrong except the School District Clerk, Wm. McPhearson. Yesterday morning he walked to the school house and talked in a very authoritative manner to her. She offered to have the desk revarnished; but no, he thought they could not be put in as good condition as before. Finally Miss M. told him he could accept her resignation. In the afternoon two ladies circulated a petition among the school children's parents, to have them retain Miss M. whether or no. All signed the petition except four persons. One refused because she did not keep the children quiet at recess; another because she did not give the children music lessons; a third because she called her child foolish one day, and a fourth was equally absurd. The Board of School Trustees decide the matter to-day.

Wadsworth is a pleasant little town and numbers among its citizens some of the best people in the county.

The Republicans of Virginia City have nominated for Mayor, C. Derby; Chief of Police, B. F. Lackey; City Attorney, T. A. Stephens; Tax Collector, Robert Gracey, Assessor, R. K. Bennett; Treasurer, J. C. Hampton.

The Spring Valley Water Company seem willing to give up their fight against the city of San Francisco. The city refused to pay for water used in irrigation of public parks.

The desire for war is reported to be intense in St. Petersburg, and the government is making all necessary preparations.

Governor Hampton of South Carolina has already violated one of his pledges made to President Hayes.

Eight mining claims, of 1,500 feet each, were taken up at Tuscarora last week.

Burglars are numerous at Tuscarora.

The Sacramento *Bee* wants to divide California into two States.

Verdi Items.

Tuesday afternoon the west bound emigrant train glided into Reno with seven coaches of ye festives. The temptation was too strong to resist. We took passage and shipped for Verdi. In company with S. A. Hamlin we took a tour through the cars to see how the bloated bondholders manage to live in an emigrant coach. We found in the first car some forty Finlanders, all pale-faced and filthy. Some were playing cards, others singing, and several smoking. Passing on we saw some cooking, others ironing, lounging, playing cards, and one chap selling prize-boxes containing a small quantity of poor paper, a few cheap envelopes and an unpainted pencil. The chance of getting back a ten cent piece or a brass ring caused several of the poorest to invest. The filth lying around loose and sticking to the body of most emigrants is sufficient to upset a delicate stomach, and so we returned to the society of the fully civilized in the caboose.

Down brakes was called and we walked forth into the quiet, business burg of Verdi. Of course the place had to be interviewed and Verdi news collated. As there was a ball pending we sallied forth to note the preparations therefor. Ike Alexander took it into his head that his newly fitted quarters should be appropriately dedicated by a grand ball. Four musicians were engaged, the hall decorated for the entertainment and Messrs. Bowman and Ingram were preparing a good supper for the dancers. We resolved to take in the affair. B. F. Whitman, the affable C. P. ticket agent, we found busy as a bee. Children, of the Verdi store, complained of dull times, but he does not advertise and that is the reason. Haller and Padgett, butchers, are doing a good business. J. P. Foulks was out of town. Mr. S. A. Hamlin took us over to his office and, pointing us to a good-looking horse, intimated that a ride over to Crystal Peak might not be distasteful. It was sufficient, and in company with the gentleman we rode over to that once flourishing town of Crystal Peak. Stopping at the river we saw the Verdi shingle mill of Messrs. Wood & Fletcher, turning out shingles by the thousand. Next came the Crystal Peak brewery of Krenkle and Weissig. The latter gentleman took us down into the brewery basement and brought forward some of the finest Buck beer that we have ever drank. We forgot that "we never drink," or "no thank you, we don't indulge." He explained the process through which the celebrated Crystal Peak beer is carried and topped all by an act which will make him happy for a year—subscribed for the *Gazette*. N. J. Foxwell is at the old stand and as staunch a Democrat as ever. C. A. Richardson is doing a good business in the blacksmith line. Noticing a fine flume extending several miles up Dog Creek canon where there is the best of timber, we made inquiries and found that it was the new five mile flume of the Crystal Peak Lumber Company. The company has a large saw mill at the head of the flume in one of the finest belts of timber on this side of the Summit. They are sawing about 35,000 feet of lumber and heavy timbers every day.

Two miles above town Mr. Foulks has a large flume and wood-sawing machine where he turns out wood in immense quantities and of an excellent quality.

The shades of night came on, and we returned to see how the soiree was progressing. A little after 9 o'clock the musicians took the stand and three sets were formed for the opening quadrille. We found that the ladies and gentlemen were resolved to have a pleasant party and that cold formality must step aside to give place to good sense and congeniality. It may be that we are prejudiced in favor of a square social party, but this much we know that we have seldom enjoyed ourselves or seen others enjoy themselves more than at Ike's opening ball at Verdi last night.

Verdi has a flourishing school of 26 scholars, taught by Miss Taylor. The school has been in progress three months, and we learn that Miss Taylor is thoroughly and rapidly advancing her pupils.

We found Verdi a quiet town, but one which does a large business. The secret is that every man is busy all day and attends to his own business.

A female revivalist, of the Advent type, has been holding forth at the Arlington House ball-room in Carson.

LOCAL.

A Desperado
He Tried to Kill
Twenty-Year-Old
But Is Not

A short time westbound on night, the sh quickly brought ity of Center Row. For seemed able wherefore of short time it prisoner, en a bold atten and in so doing for the Sher charge of his crime, to send gers after the man's name victed at Belm to imprison for twenty years man named same place and at Carson for cattle brands. H. Huick, Sh his Deputy, A ing the train and after son of the Sheriff Chamberlain's took a small complaining too tight and procured some degree out the back. Just as they T. track he astonished per Center street man in his pisto cers' pistols were making suddenly turn and brought Avery's back tured. It was ceived no in on the wrist, a fall, and in ceremoniousl secure cells o Yesterday to Carson on has, since his attempts to hanging and wrist with blood enough world of sin.

Spirit.

Monday eve nounced, in a lecture and d at the Reno C our local arm of pencils, a ceeded to the he might hear persons who o and sneaking that he might careful, slunk said there w and recomm formed, whic our reporter l watching for then struggle ence of spirit a changed voi of Rev. Dr. Dr. Henry governed by man. The s did past-evi progress co progressed in not quite so with hands in and trowels come back to wards progr man will without the lady said had pulpits support the After this Mary Camb possession o her talk in Jeffries said netts' clerk local reporte nose to conce under the inf way of test formed that him. Upon William Du our local r

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

A Desperate Prisoner.

He Tries to Escape the Monotony of a Twenty-Year's Sojourn at Carson, But is Brought to Bay and Captured.

A short time after the arrival of the westbound overland train, last Saturday night, the sharp reports of revolvers quickly brought a crowd to the vicinity of Center street and Commercial Row. For a few moments no one seemed able to give the why and wherefore of the shooting, but in a short time it became known that a prisoner, en route to Carson, had made a bold attempt to regain his liberty, and in so doing had made it necessary for the Sheriff and Deputy, who had charge of him and a companion in crime, to send several leaden messengers after the would-be escape. The man's name was Wm. Newell, convicted at Belmont of rape and sentenced to imprisonment in the Penitentiary for twenty years. He, together with a man named Jno. Schuore from the same place and booked for six months at Carson for the crime of changing cattle brands, were in charge of W. H. Huick, Sheriff of Nye county, and his Deputy, A. D. Hopkins. On leaving the train Newell asked for a drink, and after some objection on the part of the Sheriff, the parties stepped into Chamberlain's where the criminal took a small taste of whiskey. Then complaining that this shackles were too tight and causing him pain, he procured the loosening of them to some degree and the quartette started out the back door for the County Jail. Just as they were crossing the V. & T. track he suddenly broke from the astonished peace officers and ran down Center street at a lively pace for a man in his position. While the officers' pistols were cracking and they were making good time after him, he suddenly turned into Second street and brought up in a *cul-de-sac* in Avery's back yard, where he was captured. It was found that he had received no injury beyond a slight cut on the wrist, probably occasioned by a fall, and in a short time he was unceremoniously placed in one of the secure cells of our prison house.

Yesterday the prisoners were taken to Carson on the noon train. Newell has, since his conviction, made three attempts to take his life—twice by hanging and once by cutting his wrist with the intention of losing blood enough to take him from this world of sin, sorrow and crime.

Spirituous Meeting.

Monday evening Miss Jeffries was announced, in diminutive hand bills, to lecture and do "the spirit business" at the Reno Opera House, whereupon our local armed himself with a bundle of pencils, a ream of paper and proceeded to the Opera House, to see what he might hear. He found some fifteen persons who were spiritually inclined, and sneaking in, with the impression that he might step on a spirit if not careful, slunk into a seat. Miss Jeffries said there were rather few auditors, and recommended that a circle be formed, which was accordingly done, our reporter keeping himself aloof and watching for ghosts. Miss Jeffries then struggled awhile under the influence of spirits and began to lecture in a changed voice, supposed to be that of Rev. Dr. Henry.

Dr. Henry said that spirit life was governed by the laws of nature and of man. The spirits came back and undid past evils, after which the law of progress commenced. Good spirits progressed immediately and bad spirits not quite so immediately. They build with hands in the spirit world, mortar and trowels are also used. Spirits come back to earth and direct man towards progress, and in twenty years man will be instructed directly, without the aid of mediums. The lady said that if spiritualists had pulpits and the accompanying support they could do more work. After this Dr. Henry subsided, and Mary Cambell, a Scotch lassie, took possession of Miss Jeffries and made her talk in broken Scotch. Miss Jeffries said that Peacock and Barnett's clerk were mediums, and our local reporter put his hand over his nose to conceal the fact that he was also under the influence of spirits. In the way of tests, one McConnell was informed that evil spirits surrounded him. Upon looking around he saw William Duck, H. B. Cossett and our local reporter, whereupon he

acknowledged. The ghost of Bill Robinson was also announced, but as nobody knew William, he was allowed to depart.

Miss Jeffries then recited a spirit poem, which was passable, after which the audience spirited itself away, and leaning against Elliott's spiritual bar laughed and joked in the most spirited manner.

The Bevelhammer Mine.

The Work of Development now Going on—Its Future Prospects.

A piece of rock from the above named mine was laid upon our table a day or two since, together with some general information regarding the claim which we now give to our readers:

The mine is situated about one mile north of Lemmon's ranch in Peavine District, and the ore has been found to contain gray copper mingled with zinc, gold, silver and traces of iron. Copper largely predominates, 60 per cent being the amount returned by careful assays. This claim was discovered in 1862, and has been worked at intervals since that time by various parties. Rich copper ore was taken from it some years ago by an eastern speculator, who by an agreement with the owners was to have the privilege of taking out rock at the nominal price of \$10 per ton. One carload shipped East by this party was sold for \$1,800, but for some reason he relinquished work; probably, as is frequently the case, because the face of the drift not showing ore as abundantly as before, he concluded to let some one else do the laborious part of the prospecting at their own expense. The mine is a good one, the ore rich and of a character that yields readily to the smelting process, and the ground is easy of access. Though the ore does not show up in large quantities, it is still too fine a prospect to relinquish, and we learn that parties will soon commence work on the ground with a view of purchasing Mr. M. O'Neill's interest, who is a co-owner with W. T. C. Elliott, but whose present ill-health necessitates his absence in California.

The ore before us speaks for itself, and as mining interests in all our adjacent districts are sadly in need of honest development, we hope to see this mine turn out valuable and productive for all parties concerned.

A QUEER CASE.—James McMahon was brought in from Mackey & Fair's Mill Monday morning and examined as to his sanity. His delusion consisted in the belief that there was something in his head which should be knocked out immediately. He had knocked himself down several times in his anxiety to free his head of intruders, and the side of his face is in a sad condition from these self-inflicted wounds. When questioned as to the reasons for his action, McMahon replies, "The devil's in my head and I must get him out." When prevented from striking himself, the unfortunate man is in mortal fear, claiming that the devils are after him and will cut him to pieces. There are many sane persons who might share McMahon's delusion with some profit.

TO BREEDERS.—A. A. Longley makes an announcement in another column which will be of much interest to breeders of good stock. Barnum, Rifleman and Morgan Chief afford a wide range of choice to horsemen, and those desirous of improving their stock should give the matter attention. Barnum is a young Norman and only weighs 1700 pounds. Rifleman is well known, and Morgan Chief is as fine a colt as Washoe county has seen. It's just as cheap to raise a good horse as a mustang, and besides we have mustangs to spare.

RETURNED.—John Sunderland has returned from San Francisco and as usual is followed by car loads of boots, shoes, and leather goods of all descriptions. The latest styles and prices are all found in the stock, and Sunderland has entered into new purchasing arrangements which are more advantageous, and this advantage will be transferred as usual to his patrons. Sunderland wants only a legitimate profit and above all will have people know that he studies the interests of his customers as well as his own.

Salisbury and Wetherill have a fine lot of fresh strawberries. Only twenty-five cents per basket.

Shooting Affray at Truckee.

A Negro Barber Receives Three Bullets at the Hands of Joe Dysart.

About three o'clock last Sunday morning a lively shooting scrape took place in the National saloon at Truckee. The particulars, as furnished by an eye-witness, are as follows:

Three men, Chas. C. Charleton, a colored barber, Joe Dysart and a stranger had been engaged in a game of draw-poker, which was suddenly brought to a close by the stranger's finances becoming exhausted. Dysart and Charleton then began to quarrel over the division of the coin, and both waxing warm at the difficulties in the way of a settlement, jumped to their feet, drew their revolvers, and for an instant did nothing but eye each other. The monotony was broken by the negro calling Dysart anything but a gentleman and daring him to shoot. Dysart then pressed the trigger and Charleton received a ball in the abdomen, which placed his ideas of shooting in a very muddled condition. His opponent then fired two more shots at him, both of which took effect—one in the right shoulder and the other in the left hand. Dysart was arrested and placed under bonds, after which he tried to escape but was caught by conductor Clinch, near Boca, and brought back to Truckee.

Our informant was not able to state positively whether the injured man's wounds were fatal, but gave as his opinion that although dangerous he looked too lively to give up the ghost at present.

DICK'S DEATH OR THE MARTYRED MAGPIE.

We gave a short time ago a passing notice of a sad death. Dick Smith's magpie, who has been trying to talk for the last year and a half, and was progressing finely, is now no more. He had learned words of one syllable easily, but happening to hear Stanaway pronounce the word cypselus one day, Mag resolved to say it or die. He sat up nights on his roost, studying about it, and finally by his sedentary habits brought on a fit which removed him from this world of grief and shame. Smith hands us the following epitaph which he has erected to the memory of his much loved bird. We gladly publish it as a relief to the overcharged feelings of the community:

It was my own magpie,
A homely, comely bird;
He had a jet black eye,
His music you have heard.
No longer will he sit
Upon his lonely roost;
He's had an awful fit,
His spirit now is lost.
His facet mumm magpie:
Out tin him cypselus:
Nix vomica asparagus.
Stranger tread lightly.

LUCAS ELOPES—THE VARNISHER.

UNASHES.—Albert Lucas, partner of T. F. Laycock, has vanished into thin air and his creditors long for his presence. Lucas went to Verdi on Monday, April 9th, to do some painting for a man named H. Allen, who lives any where else but at Verdi, and since that time Mr. Lucas is "lost to sight, to memory dear." He was accompanied by a man named Emmet and all the ready cash which he could lay hands on. Among his creditors we find Mrs. Grover, \$97; Jamison, \$150; Reno Savings Bank, \$100; C. W. Jones, \$149; S. N. Davidson, one gold watch and chain, besides other lesser accounts and company money which he had collected. Lucas' famen, and those desirous of improving their stock should give the matter attention. Barnum is a young Norman and only weighs 1700 pounds. Rifleman is well known, and Morgan Chief is as fine a colt as Washoe county has seen. It's just as cheap to raise a good horse as a mustang, and besides we have mustangs to spare.

THE TIGER'S NEW CAGE.—The upstairs law has driven Al. White's tiger into the finest kind of a cage over Coleman's bakery. The beast has a fine side-board, the proverbial green table, two back rooms for company, and plenty of fare checks to play with. The upper air seems to agree with "tigs," and "Pharaoh's" bank is established on a higher scale than ever. The beast is not afraid of his keeper, and Al. cares for him tenderly, putting him through all of his tricks for the gratification of any who may be pleased to call at "the side-board."

Johnny Quinn makes a fine display of tinware at his new store on Virginia street.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following real estate transfers for the past week are reported from the recorders office:

Elizabeth Bryan to Ephemia Bryan, 40 acres of land near Mill Station, \$100.
School District No. 9 to W. F. Everett, 1 acre of land near Huffaker's station, \$100.
Alvaro Evans to W. R. Thompson, Lot 9 of Block 9 in Evans' North Addition, \$300.
George Alt to Wm. M. Anderson, 160 acres of land at Fish Spring, Roop county, \$1000.
C. A. Bragg to F. H. Chase, Fraction of Lot 12 and 24 feet of Lot 13 on the river front, \$300.

BELLEVILLE.—Mr. Olinghouse, of Wadsworth, says that the Belleville mining camp is full of life and that a heavy mining force are at work on the Northern Belle and Mount Diablo mines. The owners of the latter mine have struck a large body of very rich ore, and are pushing forward the work on the mine with a large force. The Northern Belle goes steadily along, turning out tons of fine ore daily. Mr. Olinghouse says the prospects were never so flattering as at present in that mining camp.

A GOOD ONE ON "STOD."—When the Rover case was called Monday, one of the attorneys was asked by a friend to point out Rover. "There," said the lawyer pointing to C. H. Stoddard formerly of the Humboldt Register, "that's him." "Ah," said the stranger, "I thought that must be him; he's a blood-thirsty looking scoundrel, now, ain't he? The Sheriff has to set pretty close to him, I'll bet."

A DESERTER OVERHAULED.—Sheriff Lamb has in charge one William Minor, a deserter from Fort Independence, about 90 miles from Los Angeles. Minor had one year and four months to serve when he deserted. It is about 2 years since he quit soldiering and an officer took him back Wednesday night. He says he was coaxed away.

CROP PROSPECTS.—All over the county, as far as we have been, the crops look finely. The fruit crop has not thus far been seriously damaged. Fruit growers, however, should watch out for late frosts. Cover young trees, put wet straw in the branches, or build fires under them on cold nights.

EXECUTION.—A writ of execution was issued from the District Court Tuesday against Antone Rager in satisfaction of a fine of \$500 for contempt of court. Sheriff Lamb levied upon some wood, and now the rights of property must be tried before the same can be disposed of.

NEW STORE.—Carson City is soon to be favored with a first-class boot and shoe store. John Sunderland is the man and he will clothe those Carson feet for a while whether he makes a cent or not.

Barnett Bros. and M. Nathan are filling their stores with a large stock of boots, shoes, furnishing goods and clothing of all descriptions.

The Odd Fellows party will be held in the east end of the V. & T. freight depot. A fine floor will be laid and the hall handsomely decorated.

The Pall Mall Gazette says: "A Scotch Sheriff may be described as a commissioner in bankruptcy, a county court judge, a stipendiary magistrate, a recorder, a revising barrister, and coroner rolled into one." Walter Scott was for years Sheriff Depute of Selkshire, and no doubt his experience in that capacity was oftentimes of signal service when writing his novels. In the same way Gibbon, according to Lord Macaulay, owed much of his felicitous power in writing military history to his experience with the Hampshire militia.

Vicar: John, you are not getting on very fast with your job. You know you can not do too much for a good master. John: I know that jolly well, and I aren't going to try! Not me.—Funny Folks.

A gentleman just from Los Angeles states that he was last week offered a flock of 8,000 sheep for \$1,000. The feed had been so short that they had become too weak to be driven to the mountains.

The feeling in Athens is intensely anti-Russian. An army of 60,000 men will be held in readiness to take the field.

Virginia City is enraged over three aggravated cases of wife beating, which find no punishment.

Tuscarora wants a first-class doctor.

The Rover Trial.

Its Commencement—The Principal Witnesses on the Stand.

Monday morning the District Court convened promptly at 10 o'clock, and after its attention had been given to some minor affairs, the celebrated Rover case was called, the defendant, J. W. Rover was produced in Court, and the work of impaneling a jury commenced. M. S. Bonfield, of Winnemucca, and T. W. Davies, of Carson, appeared for the defense, and Samuel Grass, District Attorney of Humboldt, and District Attorney Cain of Washoe, for the prosecution. Rover has been described before in these columns. He looked calm and self-possessed this morning as his third trial began, and we could but remember what he said at our first interview: "They can't wear me out anyway." Rover is conversant with the slightest details of his own case, both as to law and evidence, and is confident that the jury will reach a decision favorable to his cause. The jury was obtained with but little trouble, and comprises the following well-known citizens: Jacob Steiner, Sanford Place, John Larcomb, Jr., W. H. Short, Morris Ash, Andrew Sauer, Henry Orr, Wm. Wright, A. F. Kinney, C. W. Wellman, W. Sanders and G. W. Cunningham. District Attorney Grass then stated the cause to the jury, and J. McWorthy, principal witness for the prosecution, was called to the stand. Mr. McWorthy's testimony was only fairly commenced when 12 o'clock having arrived, the jury was placed in charge of the Sheriff, and a recess ordered for one hour.

McWorthy testified at length, and as he is the most important witness for the State, we shall give an abstract of his testimony. Most of the time Monday afternoon was consumed in the explanation of charts and diagrams of the scene of the murder.

F. J. McWorthy was the owner and operator of the sulphur mine where Rover the prisoner, and Sharp the deceased were employed by him. His testimony was given at length, but we are limited to a mere outline, which amounted in substance to the following:

That he first met Rover in January or February, 1876, in Lodi, Cal., and was induced by representations made by Rover to visit Humboldt county, Nev., for the purpose of finding sulphur, a ledge of which Rover claimed to have found there. They proceeded together to the Humboldt House, on the C. P. R. R., where he found Rover unwilling to lead him to the location, but he succeeded in finding an Indian who conducted himself and Rover to a sulphur ledge, where he (McWorthy) located a claim for himself, which seemed to have been the first cause of offense to Rover. After promising employment to Rover he took him back to Osborne's ranch and guaranteed his board until he (McW.) should return from Oakland; where he went for supplies. While in Oakland he found Sharp—an old friend and a first-class miner—to whom he offered strong inducements to go back with him to Humboldt county, by which Sharp was persuaded to accompany him. Together they went to the Humboldt House, and thence to Osborne's ranch, where Rover found them and all then proceeded to McWorthy's location. Rover and Sharp went into camp and commenced getting out sulphur to fill a contract of McWorthy's, who returned to the railroad on business connected with the enterprise. While he was there Sharp came over to get some necessary articles for himself, and brought an order from Rover for several things including a pair of boots, which were purchased for him and Sharp started back accompanied by McWorthy and Mr. Osborne, whose wagon they used, with a load of utensils, bags, etc., etc. McWorthy and Osborne camped that night at a spring some 3 miles from the camp proper, Sharp going on to his camp that night and Osborne remaining where he was, intending to return with his wagon early in the morning. When Sharp left them he was instructed to send Rover with the horse early in the morning to convey the surplus articles to the camp, near the mines. Rover did not make his appearance at the spring until nearly 12 o'clock on the following day, and gave as an excuse for his delay that the horse could not be gotten sooner. McWorthy noticed then that he wore a clean shirt and the boots sent him by Sharp. They went to the camp together and took lunch—from there to the mine, but a short distance, when McWorthy asked where Sharp was, and was told by Rover that he had last seen him going north over the hill, when they had commenced searching for the horse; and, later, in answer to the same question, that he had probably gone to a sulphur mine some distance off, and which belonged to Egbert & Wright. McWorthy then mounted his horse, and went to Egbert & Wright's mine in search of Sharp, but found no trace of him. Was about April 8th, 1876, and the matter rested thus for about five days, when McWorthy became alarmed and went to the Railroad and telegraphed

to Oakland for news of Sharp, but found nothing. He then inquired at several of the Railroad Stations to find out if Sharp had taken the cars, but could hear nothing of him; then, thoroughly alarmed, he sought the Sheriff of Humboldt county, and in company with him and two other gentlemen, went back to the camp in search of Sharp. Here they found Rover, who denied all knowledge of Sharp, and the search went on. The following morning the Sheriff found, a short distance from the camp, a coat which was identified as Sharp's, with the collar cut and torn, and creased as if it had been packed in a small space. They searched further, and found buried in a sack a human leg, cut off at the knee, and the sack was identified as one of those sent there by McWorthy to pack sulphur in. Another sack was found nearly buried in the sand and rubbish, which contained the trunk of a man. The legs, arms, and head were gone, and near the spot were clearly printed in the ashy soil a number of footprints which were on examination shown to have been made by a boot identical with the one worn by Rover. Further on, at a spot to which their attention was directed by some loose earth, they dug up a head, which was at once recognized as Sharp's. They got together those portions of the body that could be found, and buried them under a cedar, and carried the prisoner to Winnemucca for examination.

TUESDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

Tuesday morning the prosecution continued, calling as the first witness Richard Nash, Sheriff of Humboldt county at the time of the murder. He testified that when McWorthy swore out a warrant for Rover he, (Nash) accompanied by two gentlemen, went with McWorthy to the sulphur camp. They slept that night at the camp, and Nash, rising early, went out to search. Going up the canyon he found a coat and returning to camp arrested Rover and put him in irons. The entire party then went up the canyon again, and Nash found a place where fresh dirt was resting on a sage brush. Used a shovel, and found a portion of a man's body. Rover stooped down and went through a coarse and brutal trifling with a portion of the remains. After continuing the search, and finding other portions of the body, he took Rover to Winnemucca and placed him in jail.

Messrs Wright and Osborne, and Mrs. Osborne testified corroborating McWorthy's testimony as to dates, distances, and the various comings and goings of the principal parties. The prosecution here rested its case, and J. W. Rover was called for the defense.

Rover's statement was very long, and seemed to differ in no particulars, except as to the killing itself. Rover states distinctly that he started from the mine where he was at work towards camp, when he saw two men in front of the cabin. He followed up the ridge until near the camp, when he heard the report of a gun, and looking up saw that one man had fallen over backwards. Rover then saw McWorthy go into the cabin with the gun and come out with a rope. This he fastened around the dead man's body, and proceeded to drag the remains up the ravine and out of his sight. McWorthy then returned dragging a young cedar tree at their rope's end. Rover was frightened and dazed by what he saw and resolved not to say anything about it until he was assured of the truth of what he had seen. Rover's testimony was being given as we left, and he is the only witness for the defense.

WEDNESDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

The testimony for the defense was concluded Tuesday, after a sharp cross-examination of Rover, which consumed about two and a half hours' time, and Wednesday the case for the defense was taken up by M. S. Bonfield. Mr. Bonfield spoke about three hours, reviewing certain salient points in the testimony, and making the case an issue between Rover and McWorthy. He concluded about 1:30, p. m. District Attorney Cain then read the law in regard to circumstantial evidence, after which T. W. Davies took the floor and reviewed the testimony throughout, calling the attention of the jury to the fact that the defense had been most liberal in their allowance to the prosecution; that they had nothing to hide from court and jury. Mr. Davies was speaking when our time expired, and will be followed by District Attorney Grass of Humboldt, who will sum up and close the case for the prosecution.

A large attendance has been noticed each day of the trial, and every man has his own opinions as to the merits of the case. However these may be determined, it is probable that with the present trial the famous Rover case will end. This being the third trial and before a judge and jury entirely unacquainted with the facts, there can scarcely be any ground for appeal remaining.

RENO WEEKLY GAZETTE.

Life's Ocean.

BY ALICE CARY.

In infancy we launch our bark upon life's boundless sea. And for awhile float gaily on so innocent and free. Unconscious of the cares that soon will break our sweet repose. Oh! those sunny days of childhood! so free from anxious fears—We'll not forget them as we sail adown the tide of years. And as the waves shall bear us, through the rocky hours of youth. There's many a one will drift away from purity and truth. Our passions find a thousand ways of leading us astray. Persuading us there is no wrong in following them away. We need a firm and steady hand, a pilot true and brave. To guard us from the rocks and shoals beneath the treacherous wave. To show us where the coral reefs of pleasure may be found. And where the dangerous maelstrom of ambition circles round. But the guiding star of duty, in the heavens beaming o'er. Will lead us through these perils to the distant golden shore. If we make an earnest effort to keep its light in view. And honestly endeavor human passions to subdue. Still onward, borne by time and tide, we come to manhood's years; Life's stern realities we face, and romance disappears. As now look forth with anxious glance; we hear the breakers roar, As with our fellow mariners we're bending to the ear. While the clouds are gathering o'er us, and our hearts are full of care. With the surging waves before us, we can only do and dare. Meanwhile the tide is slowly pressing inward from the sea. And bearing to the shore these barks of frail humanity. Old age comes on, to warn us that life's voyage soon will close. To tell us we are nearly done with earthly cares and woes. That we will quickly anchor, in that harbor of the blest. Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

A Persian Dinner.

The Hospitality of the Khan.

Arthur Arnold's work entitled "Through Persia by Caravan," is very interesting. On approaching Isfahan, Mr. Arnold was again dismayed at the wretchedness and ruin of the outskirts of the town. There was nothing to be seen but mud, except the few domes and towers that arose but little above the low houses. Isfahan is for the most part in ruins. Still the sacred duty of hospitality is not neglected. The author was one day invited to a dinner which was to be thoroughly Persian. It was a bitter cold evening, and the guests arrived wrapped from head to foot in furs. The room was without chairs or table, with nothing indeed but a carpet. The shoes of all the guests who were not European were left outside the door; their overcoats thrown in a corner of the apartment which was at once reception and dining-room.

Three musicians sat on the floor, with guitar, flageolet and drum. The author found it no easy matter to comply with the demands of Persian etiquette, which forbids the display of one's legs on the carpet. To sit on the heels in Persian fashion; requires the training of a lifetime. No one can assume the posture for the first time in manhood. Mr. Arnold found his legs appearing so awkward that he was glad to hide the exhibition with a shawl. His neighbor, a man of splendid apparel, managed his naked extremities with such imposing dignity, fondling now and then his toes with his hands, as made the Englishman regard his own legs and booted feet as a positive nuisance. The man, who had the title of Khan, wore a robe of honor given him by the Shah, and beneath this garment, upon the juncture of his green tunic and loose trousers his waist was bound with a magnificent scarf. He seemed a man of immense strength. His face was bound above by his black hat, and beneath by a dense beard, dyed with the same color. He had but one tone of voice and that the loudest in the room. The man, it appeared, had amassed immense wealth from farming customs in the South of Persia. He had as free a range with the public money as if he had been a New York official, and collected what he could from the taxpayers without accounting to any one, on condition of handing over a certain fixed sum to the Government treasury. The description of the process of the dinner is rather more graphic than the usual style of the author.

The khan was roaring, the singers twanging, piping, drumming and shouting monotonous love songs, when the first "dish" was served. A servant walked around the room carrying a large bottle of arrack in one hand and wine in the other. The khan took half a tumbler of the fiery spirit, and drank it down without winking; most of the guests preferred arrack. Another servant followed with a plate, on which was laid about half a sheet of Persian bread, thin, tough and flabby. Upon the bread was a heap of kababs—pieces of meat about an inch square, well cooked, and covered with the remainder of the bread which was turned over them. Each guest raised the bread flap, took a kabab with his fingers, added a piece of the flap, or wiped his fingers upon it, as he pleased. For three hours this was the form of the entertainment; the talk and the music went on while the kababs, the arrack, and the wine circulated. About ten o'clock the real dinner began. A table was brought in, a cloth spread; bowls of sherbet, piles of boiled rice, other piles of pillau, a mixture of rice and stewed fowls, were introduced. In one huge

dish was a lamb roasted whole, presenting a horribly sacrificial appearance.

I watched the khan, curious to see if it was possible that appetite for boiled rice remained after he had drunk about a pint of raw alcohol, intermixed with kababs. His attendants—the servants of every guest share in the work on these occasions—drew a couch toward the table, upon which the khan lifted himself; then he pointed with a loud laugh to the soup tureen, from which the British agent, an Armenian, was helping himself. "That's what makes you such a little fellow," he said; "I like pillau." He bared his huge arm to the elbow to vindicate his preference, and for the better handling of the rice. Plunging his fingers into a pile, he kneaded a huge bolus of the greasy rice into a single pinch and pressed it into his mouth; another and another followed, until he had made a great hole in the heap of pillau. For nearly an hour there was little talk, much eating and drinking; then some coffee; and after that the guests were hoisted on to the high saddles of their steady, patient mules, and jogged homeward through the narrow streets, lighted only by the lanterns of their attendants.

TO TEACH, NOT TO BE COURTED.—The drudgery of the school-room may drive the schoolmistresses of England and Wisconsin into insanity and suicide, but the Canadian teachers thrive and grow fat on it. One of the big school boys of the Dominion asked his teacher one night if he might escort her home from singing school, but she politely declined the offer. He neglected his studies, ran away from school, and put pins into his schoolmates. She finally lost patience and gave him a flogging. The boy told his father that the fair one whom he had courted had turned and whipped him. The indignant parent sent the teacher and obtained a judgment of \$3.50, which she paid. The next morning she remarked to her scholars: "I have whipped a booby soundly, which pleasure cost only three dollars and a half. Now, if any others of my scholars are inclined to imitate him, they will have the kindness to step forward, receive the money and the flogging, and then we will go on with our studies. I am here to instruct you, not to be courted." Nervousness will never kill off so plucky a schoolmistress.

SHOOTING THE DEVIL.—An individual in the north of Spain, who was about to die, refused to receive the consolation of religion, and the parish priest who had been sent for, when the man refused to see him, departed with the declaration that the devil would come in person to carry off the hardened sinner as soon as he was dead. Not long after as the family were watching by the dead body, the door was burst open with a great noise, and there appeared on the scene a personage arrayed in red, decorated with a long tail, and smelling strongly of sulphur. The apartment was speedily vacated by the mourners, who withdrew in great terror. A man, servant in another part of the house heard the noise and went to the room. Mastering his fears he fired three shots from a revolver at the apparition, which had just taken the body in its arms, and turned out to be the parish sexton, who by order of the priest had undertaken the part of Satan. He was quite dead when picked up, and four priests who are suspected of having planned the masquerade have been taken into custody.

AN ANCIENT LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—One day, just after King Solomon had written a column of solid nonpareil wisdom and moral proverbs, he took his eldest son by the elbow, led him down the back stairs of the palace, through the back yard, past the wood shed, out into the alley, backed him up behind Ahitophel's wood pile, looked warily around to see that no one was listening, and whispered into the young man's ear, "My son, a little office in a spread eagle life assurance company is better than a cart load of preferred stock in the Ophir mines." And then the monarch threw his head on one side, drew in his chin, shut one eye, and gazed at his offspring in silence. Three years afterwards, when the Great Hebraic Consolidated Storey Jordan Life Assurance Company, of which that intelligent young prince was President, went into bankruptcy, the young man was able to let his father, who was a little short at the time, have 275,000 shekels for 90 days on his simple note of hand.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Take a large earthenware pudding dish, and pour in it one quart of yellow corn meal, unsifted. Add to the meal a few handfuls of crumbled bread, dry crusts are best. Pour on, very slowly, enough warm water to moisten the whole, stirring very carefully with the hand. Continue to stir until the meal and bread crumbs assume the consistency of thick molasses. Serve in flat little dabs, about the size of common butter plates. This will be found a most delicious, palatable dish—for the chickens.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

When a life insurance company can pay its President \$30,000 per year it can afford less rates and more dividends to its customers. But it won't do it.

At the station house at Waterbury, Conn., they have a "Welcome" motto over the cells, thus making it pleasant and homelike for the occupants.

BUTLER AND BLAINE'S OPPOSITION TO HAYES.—The present situation compels the Republicans who naturally follow the lead of Ben. Butler to prefer the election of a Democrat to the Speakership rather than any friend of the President. Butler, who is here, is talking openly against the President and his policy. He does not say it in so many words that he will oppose the election of Garfield or Foster, but he says it in a way that those about him can not fail to understand. It is only within a few days that he has come out fully in opposition to the President. The ugly temper of such Republicans as Blaine and Butler, who live in the old war spirit of the North, makes it clear that if there is a break in the party lines when the House meets, it must be a large one. The Democratic majority will be ten or eleven, but it will require a good many more than five votes to secure the election of Foster. Foster, and not Garfield, is to be the Hayes candidate for Speaker. Garfield is to be kept on the floor. Anybody who knows the feelings of Butler toward Foster, knows that the last thing he would choose to do would be to vote for Foster for Speaker.—*Boston Herald.*

PROFANING HOLY THINGS.—No one hates cant more heartily than we. We do not believe that anything is gained, but rather that much is lost, by affecting a reverence in word or manner which is not felt. But this is no reason why people should not govern themselves by the ordinary principles of decorum in speaking of sacred things. No gentleman will ever say anything likely to give pain to another. Therefore, if a man have no reverence for sacred things, common politeness—to put it on no higher ground—would dictate that he speak at least respectfully of subjects which he knows are sacred to others. Because it is contemptible for men to talk through their noses and wear long faces and dress in sombre colors to gain a reputation for a piety they do not possess, it by no means follows that it is praiseworthy to speak and act as if there was nothing sacred and worshipful. There was wisdom worthy of gray hairs in the saying of the little girl: "I don't like to hear Dr. preach; he speaks of God as if He were his cousin."—*N. Y. Examiner and Chronicle.*

PROGRESS OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The Southern Pacific Railroad says the *Alta*, is rapidly bringing Arizona nearer to California—before the end of the month the Colorado river will be within two days' ride of San Francisco. Five miles of track were completed recently in forty-eight hours, and but forty miles of country remain to be traversed by the ties and rails to enable the locomotive to go screeching to the banks of the Once at Fort Yuma, the work on the bridge will soon be commenced, and completed as soon as the timbers can be sent over the road from Wilmington. The railroad company has dealt liberally with emigrants to Los Angeles, enabling them to reach that city from San Francisco for \$10; with a continuation of the same liberal tariff along the rest of the road, the population of Arizona will be increased at the rate of a thousand a month, and the mines of the new Territory will soon create an intense excitement, only equalled by the building up of Nevada.

A story comes from Minnesota of a dead lumberman being brought to life after the body had been frozen solid for two weeks. It requires a pretty variegated amount of faith in the honesty and veracity of the Great West to believe that story but we hope it is true. And we also hope that science will continue onward with rapid strides, until all the tramps in the country may be frozen solid in the Fall and not thawed out until the Spring. If there should be some mistake made in the manner of freezing, whereby it would be found impossible to restore the predatory and peripatetic nuisances to life in the Spring—well, mistakes will happen!—*Norristown Herald.*

"BIME-BY HEAR" BULLDOSE.—The editor of the Point Arena, Mendocino county *News* interviewed Ah Tee, the principal Chinese merchant of its town, in relation to the Chico affair. The Chinaman was a good talker, and this is what he said:

"Allee time bleak teaty. Bime-by nex yeah, Chinaman big man, he come, he bling plenty men, he heap flight, shootee, kill, muddle, he have two tail, two sword, he smashee hoodum, he no afraid, makee white re-spleck Chinamans."

Ingenuity will more than compensate for the lack of wealth. A boy in East Rome won't show any of the other boys the gash made in his toe with a hatchet, unless the other boys first give him candy or peanuts, and he has not been free from the stomach ache a day for over a week, and revels in the luxuries of life as freely as though his father owned a plumbing establishment.—*Rome Sentinel.*

The new Secretary of the Navy is probably like Jeff. Thompson, who wrote of his men after his naval fight at Memphis: "I have got in my cavalry regiment as good sailors as ever feathered an oar on a quarter deck."

Gordon Cumming, the lion-killer, is soon to be married to an American. Fity a good hunter should thus throw himself away in the prime of life.

THE EARLY RISING DELUSION.—For farmers and those who live in localities where people can retire at eight or nine o'clock in the evening, the old notion about early rising is still appropriate. But he who is kept up till ten or eleven or twelve o'clock, and then rises at five or six, because of the teachings of some old ditty about "early to rise," is committing a sin against his own soul. There is not one man in ten thousand who can afford to do without seven or eight hours' sleep. All the stuff written about great men who slept only three or four hours a night is apocryphal. They have been put upon such small allowances occasionally and prospered; but no man yet ever kept healthy in body and mind for a number of years you can get to bed early then rise early; if you can not get to bed till late, then rise late. It may be as proper for one man to rise at eight as for another man to rise at five. Let the rousing bell be at least thirty minutes before your public appearance. Physicians say that a sudden jump out of bed gives irregular motion to the pulses. It is barbarous to expect children to land on the center of the floor at the call of their nurses, the thermometer below zero. Give us time after you call us, to roll over, gaze at the world full in the face, and look before we leap.

THE FOOTHILL FARMERS AND THE STOCK MIGRATION.—The sheep and stock raisers of the plains are making their way many of them, to the mountains with their flocks and herds, in order to secure pasturage. The foothill farmers and stock raisers are getting alarmed at the mighty four-footed army that is making its way toward their dominions, and have met and organized to protect their ranges from the incursions of the nomadic herds. They reason, and justly, too, that even when food is good on the plains, they are not permitted to drive their stock from the mountains for pasturage, and therefore when it is poor, their range should not be eaten entirely out by the stock from the plains. A little good judgment on both sides, will, we think, obviate any cause for serious difficulty.—*Fresno Examiner.*

A Parisian knick-knack termed "Cupid's Market," and in favor for the cotillion, deserves mention. It comprises a pair of cardboard scales, covered with gilt paper, which are hung over two baskets, one containing small hearts for ladies, and the other some larger ones for gentlemen. The couple who conduct the cotillion distribute these to the dancers. Each couple, after having once waltzed around the circle, place his and her particular heart on the scales; if they do not weigh exactly the same amount, the pair are separated, and the lady has to stand up in the center until a gentleman appears whose heart has the same intrinsic value in point of ounces. A first-rate chance for the light-weights, and there are lots of them.

MULCHING.—Mulching is the process of spreading a substance not a good conductor, upon the surface of the ground to prevent the moisture from escaping therefrom. Trees, shrubbery, etc., newly transplanted, should without delay be thoroughly mulched to insure success. Rotten straw from the barn yard or decayed chips from the wood pile, answer the purpose. This not only answers the purpose indicated above, but prevents grass or weeds from interfering with the steady growth of the trees. Raspberry, blackberry, and strawberry plants, require this to insure large, juicy and delicious fruits. In their native wilderness they seek these conditions, and succeed well in no other.

DRESSING FOOT-ROT.—A cheap and efficacious remedy for foot rot in sheep is requested by an Eastern farmer: "The sharp knife is indispensable, but something to apply after is desirable." Mix an ounce of finely powdered coppers in a pound of tar and smear the sores after all loosened horn has been removed. If the tar is objected to, mix an ounce of oil of vitrol in four ounces of water and apply with a feather or brush.

The *Courier-Journal* knows a sure cure for the leg cholera, but is holding back to get a larger sum than \$10,000 for it. When an editor is handling his millions every year, ten thousand dollars seem a very pitiful sum.

It is now the right season for thrifty grocery-men to boil down the risings of old molasses barrels, and flood the market with little cakes of maple sugar.

A St. Louis girl, who claims to have proved it by experiment, says that by putting a lover in the light of a blue-glass window he can be made to propose at one sitting.

Russia knows exactly how many horses she has, but has never yet included the women in its census!

A circuit court is now designated as the longest way home from dancing school.

The increased use of the sewing machine is noticed on the handsomest Paris dresses.

Brigham Young has lost the use of his legs at a critical moment.

Black cashmere wraps are neat and lady-like, though not dressy.

Lambert's Luck.

Twenty Thousand Dollars in Gold Found in a Cave in Hampton County, Tennessee.

[Morristown (Tenn.) Gazette, March 26.] There is a very strange story, yet nevertheless a true one, to be given you for the benefit of your readers. In the early history of East Tennessee, about 1794, as near as can be determined, three men by the name of Patterson, all brothers, visited the New Market Valley, with the intention of buying the rich and extensive lands near what is known as Panther Springs. They brought with them a large amount of ready money, supposed to be from twenty to thirty thousand dollars in Mexican coin. While looking over the lands they were murdered, and their money and other articles of value taken from their persons by a hunter, and their bones burnt in a cave near what at that time was known as the "buffalo crossing," now known as the Grindstone Hollow, which place was also the rendezvous of the murderer; who it is supposed, fearing that the Pattersons would be missed from the neighborhood, fled to the western portion of Virginia. There he died, and on his death bed gave a way bill that his hidden treasures might be found. Some forty years ago, say the older citizens, two men came with the way bill, giving a description of the place, and made every effort to find the treasure, but to no purpose, and after several weeks of hard labor gave up the search. Now for the sequel:

During the heavy snow of the past Winter a man by the name of John Lambert and a man from the vicinity of Panther Springs went hunting and tracked a coon to a small hole by the edge of a rock. Lambert stopped up the hole, and remarked that "he would get the gentleman yet if he wasn't pretty sharp." He subsequently went back (it is supposed after the snow melted) and found two rocks over the hole. He moved them and saw below them a vast cavern. He returned home and procured a bed cord, tied the same to a walnut tree and descended into the hole for some hundred feet, and there found the treasure spread out upon a rock, with an old Mexican saddle-blanket spread over it. The blanket had decayed until nothing but the "filling" remained. He also found a saddle and six Mexican stirrups. Lambert made these statements to a friend of his, and showed him a pocket full of money. He was a day laborer and did not know what it was to have any amount of money. Your correspondent visited the section of the country while the people were making excavations where Lambert had filled the cave, and witnessed with his own eyes nearly one-half of a human skeleton taken out and all other signs made a hundred years ago. Lambert and his family have departed for some unknown country with the money. These are the facts as can be proven by a number of the best citizens of Panther Springs.

SOME REMARKABLE WINTERS.—Winters that have distinguished themselves by being colder or warmer than the law allows. Referring back to our files we find that in 1772 the temperature was so high that leaves came out on the trees in January, and birds hatched their broods in February. In 1820 the weather was equally mild, and the maidens of Cologne wore wreaths of violets and corn-flowers at Christmas and Twelfth-day. In 1421 the trees flowered in the month of March, and the vines in the month of April. Peaches appeared in May, and boys began to fall out of apple trees a little later. In 1572 the trees were covered with leaves in January, and the birds hatched their young in February, as in 1772. In 1486 the same thing was repeated, and it is added that the corn was in ear at Easter. To the best of our memory, there was in France neither snow nor frost during the Winters of 1538, 1607, 1609, 1617 and 1659. Finally, in 1662, even in the north of Germany, the stoves were not lighted, trees flowered in February, and outdoor bouquets were showered on the newspaper offices without number. It seems but yesterday. Coming to later dates, that of 1846-47, when it thundered at Paris on the 28th of January, and that of 1868, the year of the foundation of the Seine, may be mentioned as very mild.—*Exchange.*

A CALL FOR HELP.—The following, said to have emanated from a strong supporter of Tilden during the Presidential campaign, was handed us by a friend for publication. We learn that the writer is a Northern Democrat, and has followed the business of school teaching in his native State: "Doc, cum up to ther house; the ole man has got the snax in his bygs agen, raisen kain. CHARLEY."—*Carson Tribune.*

An imaginative Irishman has improved upon Ossian. "I returned," says he, "to the halls of my fathers by night, and I found them in ruins. I cried aloud, 'My fathers, where are they?' An echo responded, 'Is that you, Patrick McClathery?'"

"Try not to pass," the old man said, "I call; my edge: 'twas you that led." A tear stood in the young man's eye. And from his lips escaped "Ace high." Draw poker.

Why is an oyster like a horse? Because neither can climb a tree.

Odds and Ends.

Texas Jack is at home on the stage. There's no one to hurt him.

There are only forty keepers at Auburn prison, showing how hard the times are.

New York wants and will have cheaper milk. Why don't consumers put in more water?

The Vermont murderer commenced his downward career by going to Barnum's circus with a woman.

A father who can't settle a dispute between two small sons in less time than two months had better give up the father business.

Great actresses and sweet songsters fight with their husbands, use harsh language and rush into law-suits. Is this one reason why opera tickets are so dear?

It has got so now that an Alabama negro had rather drown himself than be degraded by a paternal flogging. Liberty is not only a big thing but a queer thing.

A traveler says that American hotel-keepers have seventeen different ways of preparing coffee, and each method is three times as bad as the other. Hotel coffee, on the average, should be spelled "slop."

A Nebraska farmer has made several attempts to domesticate the buffalo, and the only drawback is the fact that no man can stand over a certain amount of kicking and goring and keep his legs and patience.

The Massachusetts Reform School is on the boards just now. They reform the boys by pounding, straight-jacket, sweat-boxes and showering. Massachusetts' humanity runs to foreign rather than home missions.

The married live longer than the single.

Spring doesn't arrive. Won't some one write a poem on that subject?

Many good people are looking for a postoffice or something like that to crawl into.

A person always meets with a warm reception at a hotel. The minute he arrives he is placed on the register.

A Kentucky bride wants a divorce, because her husband deceived her as to the number of real legs he happened to possess.

Divorces are so cheap in Chicago that an active and enterprising man can have fifty-two wives in a year and no funeral expenses.

General Robest Toombs says that he is the owner of several barrels of type—the remains of the fortunes of twenty editors of Atlanta.

Why are ladies kissing each other an emblem of Christianity? Because they are doing unto each other as they would men should do unto them.

The following is a true copy of a letter received by a village school-master: "Sur, as you are a man of nolege, I intend to inter my son in your skull."

Boston has begun to can and ship baked beans. Everybody will now say that they knew the giant intellect of the Hub would develop something after awhile.

Oliver J. Meade, a former Peters-burger, writing to his friends in that city of his marriage in California, thus tersely describes his bride: "She has a head as red as a wood-pecker's, and owns sheep until you can't rest."

Key is said to be a collateral descendant of the man who inflicted upon a suffering nation its "Star-Spangled Banner," which it may be remembered, by rockets' glare, the bombs bursting in air, was observed upon an exciting occasion to be still aloft.

Horace Greeley—he used to tell the story himself—once sent a claim to a Western attorney for collection, the attorney to keep half the amount for his fee. After a time Mr. Greeley received the following note from the lawyer: "Dear sir—I have succeeded in collecting my half of that claim—the balance is hopeless."

TO MAKE GREAT LAYING HENS.—It is claimed that there is much advantage gained in selecting hens with prolific tendencies, from any breed, as in selecting good milkers to improve the dairy stock, and the hypothetical—perhaps established fact—is one that stands to reason. Every one who keeps fowls is well aware that certain ones are greater egg producers than others of the flock, and the eggs of only such as these should be saved for the purpose of increase. One writer on the subject says that he is perfectly certain that the number of two hundred eggs per annum may be attained with perfect ease in a few years' time, should the object be systematically sought. It is a matter within the means of all who feel interested in it, and one that can be easily tested without any knowledge whatever as to fancy points. If the poultry flock of the farmer can be made to produce double the eggs usually obtained from a certain number of hens, the improvement will be a paying one.—*Ohio Farmer.*

The Tweed sensation pleases New York. Several prominent men are compelled to place their assertions against those of a condemned thief.

Surprise Valley.

Its Wants, Prospects and Resources.

[From our own Correspondent.]

LAKE CITY, Modoc Co., Cal.,
April 15th, 1877.

Editor Gazette: Several days ago I was made happy by a copy of the *Gazette*, which brought the news from home. In reciprocation I thought of sending to you a letter giving a few items of information which may be of some interest to your readers, and state some facts relative to business between this valley and your town of Reno. I will begin with

POSTAL MATTERS.

And say that Uncle Sam's conveyances are rather slow in distributing the mail through these parts; there is especially a great deal of complaint about the Reno and Surprise Valley route, where the mail is now carried round about to Susanville and thence back here, a total distance from Reno to this place of two hundred and sixty-five miles, when there is a direct and almost natural road from Reno, via Fish Springs and Buffalo Canyon, to this place, the total length of which is but 185 miles. On the former the mail is brought in five—and as I am informed, in the winter season some times thirty-five days—and on the latter recently a citizen of Reno, with a two horse team and a thousand lbs. of freight, made the trip in four and a half days, without change of horses; while on the mail route horses are changed every fifteen or twenty miles. The people here are sick of this and want direct and speedy communication. A petition to affect the change was circulated last year, headed by the officers at Camp Bidwell, signed by every citizen in the valley, and sent to Washington. I am informed, however, that the people at Susanville started a counter petition, mistaking facts, whereby they obtained many signatures in Reno. Also that the Post Masters at Susanville and Reno materially assisted, and by an undue influence succeeded in keeping the mail on the Susanville route. But the people here will try again, and want the citizens of Reno to assist them in getting the mail on the direct and shorter route; for Reno is the natural outlet of this county, and the interests of Reno as well as our own, demand closer connection.

SURPRISE VALLEY.

As many of your readers may be entirely unacquainted with this locality, except by name, I will endeavor to give a description, as far as my short stay and limited observation enable me. The valley proper is about seventy-five miles long, from north to south, and from fifteen to thirty miles wide, east and west. Three lakes divide the valley nearly in the centre almost the entire length, leaving on each side of the lakes a strip of land varying in width from five to ten miles. The land on the east side is considered comparatively worthless, except for stock range; that on the west is equal to the best lands in the Sacramento of any other valley. It slopes gently from the hills to the lake, needs hardly any irrigation, and if such were needed there is an inexhaustible and never failing supply of water, pure and clear, coming down the numerous canyons from the mountains above.

THE CLIMATE

is about the same you have in Reno, healthy, invigorating, and at present delightful; except, perhaps, we miss those gentle winds denominated "Washoe zephyrs," which so delight the good people of your town, especially the ladies, when under full sail before them.

ARABLE LANDS.

The number of acres of tillable land is about two hundred thousand, of which at present about one-half is under cultivation, leaving the other half to be settled by future emigration. The choicest parcels are, of course, taken up, but there is room for many desirable homes, with land at a nominal price.

THE PRODUCTIONS

are chiefly wheat and barley, an abundance of hay, and all the vegetables used for the table or for animal food; fruit and grapes are raised to a limited extent. The only drawback to this country is the distance to the market. Could we but dispose of our surplus grain, this would be one of the most prosperous valleys in the State of California. In this connection we can not too much commend the enterprise and spirit of your fellow-townsmen, J. C. Hagerman, in offering great inducements to farmers here to bring their grain to the Reno market. If the people, especially the merchants of Reno, will but lend a helping hand—get a direct mail route, the establishment of which would tend to put into a perfect condition one of the finest natural roads in the world, encourage the trade of this valley to come that way—the benefits arising would materially revive business now languishing there as well as here, and bring to your doors the daily bread for which you send gold coin to California, and which you might as well have in exchange for the commodities of life. But my letter is getting too long. At some future time I may write to you a description of the different villages, and on other topics that may prove sufficiently interesting.

RANGER.

Franktown Items.

Thursday morning the sun shone brightly and we thought to take advantage of dull times by taking a day's business recreation to the southern end of Washoe county. Boarding the lightning express we were soon en route to Franktown. The crops on either side of the track are looking in fine condition, and the day promised to be a pleasant one. But we had not more than congratulated ourselves on an enjoyable trip than the clouds began to darken, a cold wind sprang up and every sign of an approaching storm appeared. At Washoe Miss Louise Irving, the warbler, got on the train, and a cold rain began to fall. In a few minutes more we arrived at our destination, cold and not altogether satisfied that the pleasure of a day's visit to Franktown would in the least be enhanced by snow and rain.

We found Nat Holmes not at all disturbed by the storm but coolly attending to business in a woolen jacket and new linen Summer hat well starched and looking about 10 degrees below zero. Our first anxiety was to see Nat's sun protector laid down in dish-rag heap on the top of his cranium; but no, he had purchased it of Wm. Cobb and the thing was insured.

C. A. Lee has a well filled store of general merchandise and also runs the Franktown meat market.

J. Duvall and N. Holmes are proprietors of two good hotels, and both as far as we know are keeping their physical man in good trim by a fair business. Holmes also has the Post Office, and his place is therefore a rendezvous for men to come in on rainy days to read the news and spit on his large stove.

W. R. Anglemeyer, the school teacher, has a pleasantly located school house with 38 invincibles, to whom he has for eight months given instruction. He reports the school in the best condition and the hopefuls all eager for knowledge. The school will continue for two months.

Wm. Cobb keeps a well assorted stock of groceries, provisions, etc., and is a polite and hospitable little man. His mother we found to be an affable, good-looking lady of some 50 summers, and one of the best cooks in the State of Nevada.

A. J. Jackson, of Franktown, has sub-contracted of Douglas & Hart to cut some 25,000 cords of wood at Mackey & Fair's camp. Jackson will sell or close out his blacksmith shop in town and commence work on his contract about the first of May.

Judge E. Owens, Franktown's old war horse, was in town and full of life and back talk as usual. Nothing would satisfy him unless we would take a ride with him behind mischievous "Ginger." The snowing ceased for a time and, armed with a heavy overcoat and a hat that rested on our neck, we sailed forth in an open-topped buggy, facing a stiff breeze from several snow-capped mountains. Our trip was not an unpleasant one after all. It was our first square view of Washoe valley, and we must say that for good soil, pleasant homes, fine crops and picturesqueness Washoe valley is only exceeded in the State by the Truckee Meadows. Wm. Thompson was at home and a splendid home it is. A fine body of rich land, stretching to the lake, lies before his house. A large orchard surrounds and lies back of his house, while his large, well filled barns are just below the road.

Mr. Thompson and Mr. Lewers say the cold weather has not as yet materially injured the fruit crop, but they are apprehensive that Jack Frost will yet nip the young fruit buds.

In the evening Miss Irving, the violinist and singer, exhibited her talents to a small audience.

Franktown is a small place but is surrounded by a fertile valley, while in the mountains west of town are large pine forests which furnish abundant supplies of wood. Washoe valley is one of the solid sections of our county.

THE LA POINT CASE.—On Monday next the trial of Frank La Point charged with the murder of D. H. Flynn will be commenced in the District Court. Gen. R. M. Clarke and Wm. Boardman appear for the defense and District Attorney Cain and Gen. Kittrell for the prosecution. Rumor has it that a jury will be obtained only with great difficulty, and that some fifty witnesses have already been subpoenaed.

THE SITUATION IN NEW ORLEANS.

—A dispatch dated April 18th says: The commission has received the resolutions of the Packard caucus declining the proposals of the Nicholls House for reorganizing the Legislature. They will report to the President tonight the failure, so far, of adjustment, and make further efforts to effect a settlement. Though the present plan would seem to have failed, it may be fairly stated that the commission and prominent leaders on both sides still entertain a hope that terms, alike honorable to all parties, may yet be agreed upon.

The N. Y. Times' New Orleans special says the commission still profess to be hopeful of a settlement, but there is good reason to believe that in reality they are disgusted and disheartened, and it is now more probable than ever that they will be obliged to leave without having effected any adjustment. In that event it is generally believed the President will at once withdraw the troops and leave Packard and Nicholls to settle their difficulties in their own way. Two more members of the Packard Legislature joined the Nicholls government today.

Secretary Sherman says he never suffered more pain in his life than he did in the recent removal of employees, so many of whom were helpless, poor and needy. His predecessor had told him that the force must be reduced, and when he entered the office he appointed three of his most trusted officers in the department to make an examination, and to select those who were either not needed or who were least efficient in the service. This was done, and he held the list for weeks, and handed it over to Gov. McCormick when he became Assistant Secretary, by whom it was carefully examined and held until delay was inexcusable. The Secretary has refused in every instance to restore any one on the list, although some of them had been appointed on his recommendation.

The Rover Case.

In relation to the above case the *Silver State* says:

His counsel, M. S. Bonfield, who has before saved Rover from the halter, says the rope is not yet made to hang him. It is a little remarkable that a Reno jury should construe the evidence which pointed to Rover as the murderer so differently from Humboldt juries. That I. N. Sharp was brutally butchered there is no doubt whatever. His mutilated remains, hacked to pieces, bore incontrovertible evidence of the fact. Circumstances as construed by two juries in this county, pointed to J. W. Rover as the murderer. In Reno eight of the twelve presumably unprejudiced men, who were sworn to try the case, decided under oath that he was not guilty, and the question is asked, if Rover did not kill Sharp, who did?

The Paris correspondent of the London Times reports that couriers bearing a Russian manifesto addressed to the army, the nation and to Europe, will start simultaneously with the Emperor, to arrive at their destinations at the same time His Majesty reaches Kischeneff on Monday. On that day, or the next, the Czar will issue the manifesto to the army, which will be simultaneously delivered to the powers, and the Russian Charges d'Affaires will then quit Constantinople. This is the exact programme given in a letter from St. Petersburg.

Governor Kellogg on Friday received the following telegram from New Orleans: "Please inquire of President Hayes if it is by his direction that the commission recommend the members of Packard's Legislature to join Nicholls. Two of our trusted men left to-day under such persuasion." Kellogg replied: "If it be true that the commissioners are so doing, I am satisfied they are acting on their own motives, and without instructions from the President."

A State Government for the purpose of keeping two citizens of California in the United States Senate, is too expensive a luxury for the 40,000 white inhabitants and less than one-fourth that number of tax-payers of Nevada.—*Silver State*.

If you say that again, we'll tell the *Enterprise*.

"Advertising costs money." So does store-rent, so do all good and useful things. The object of advertising is not to cause a man to expend money, but to make it.

Alexander Laird was killed by C. Cummings at Gilroy, April 20th.

Late News Items.

Those two Grand Ducks, Alexis and Constantine, have paraded their manly forms and empty pates before President Hayes. Two royal accidents enjoying the attention of a man.

The creditors of Friedlander, the grain king, are still discussing his affairs. The general impression is that he will resume at an early day.

The Nicholls Legislature in Louisiana propose to retain their original organization intact.

The amount of fresh beef shipped to Europe for the eighteen months ending March last was over \$34,000,000 pounds, valued at over \$3,000,000. This statement shows a gradual increase from 36,000 pounds in October, 1875, to almost 7,000,000 in March of the present year.

The Nicholls Legislature has again been reinforced. It now contains fifty-nine Returning Board members and gives the body a quorum in both houses.

The servant girls employed in the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, derived \$2,500 from a benefit tendered them recently.

George Francis Train is getting troublesome again. He lectured recently in his old style.

A grand banquet is to be spread before Dukes Alexis and Constantine. Why don't they go home?

An American filley won the New Market stakes Thursday.

It is said that Persia has formed an alliance with Russia.

Ripe cherries have appeared in Sacramento.

Austria will not be able to remain neutral.

Russian Representatives have been ordered home from Constantinople.

The Sultan's navy is reported to be in splendid condition.

San Francisco reports a case of spontaneous combustion.

The Supreme Court of California has decided that protested taxes must not be kept out of the treasury.

Layard, the English Envoy to Constantinople, has no hope of averting war.

The Austrian army is held in readiness for a speedy mobilization.

Hayes will veto the Texas Pacific subsidy should Congress pass it.

Russia and Turkey are negotiating separately.

The Turkish and Montenegrin troops are facing each other.

BLACK MOUNTAIN DISTRICT.—From E. D. Ainsworth, who has a third interest in the Del Monte mine, we gathered the following particulars of the Black Mountain mining district: The district is about 120 miles south east of Carson, an equal distance from Wadsworth and ten miles west of the Northern Belle mine, in the Bellville District. The Potter claim is turning out \$155 rock in large quantities. The ore is hauled 25 miles to Columbus where it is milled at a cost of \$30 per ton. The mine is pronounced a very rich one but is yet in the course of development. The Del Monte ore has not yet been milled but a number of assays have been made from the prospecting shafts and tunnels and give assays ranging from \$46 to \$94 silver per ton. Mr. Ainsworth is developing the mine and has made arrangements for hauling and milling the Del Monte ore. He is not over enthusiastic but firmly believes that the "stuff" is there and in large quantities. The surface ore is somewhat rebellious but the character of the ore improves as it is taken from greater depths. All the ore thus far milled in the district has been worked with little or no difficulty other than with free milling ore. From every indication the Black Mountain as well as the Belville mining districts will contain many lively and paying camps this Summer and Fall.

Superintendent Yerrington has kindly consented to make the tickets of the Odd Fellows' excursion to Reno on the 26th instant good for the return trip on the lightning express train on the morning of the 27th. This will be a great accommodation to many of the excursionists who wish to stay and take part in the ball to be given on the occasion.—*Carson Tribune*.

WITTY.—Doctor: "I shall not answer you, madame; it seems that you are always digging at me." Lady: "That's because you're so uncultivated, Doctor."

FIFTY-EIGHTH

Anniversary!

I. O. O. F.

A GRAND ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows will be held

At Reno, April 26, 1877.

Grand Procession, Oration and DEDICATION!

The procession will form at the Hall of Reno Lodge at 1 P. M., and march through the principal streets to the new hall of Truckee Lodge, where the dedicatory exercises will take place.

MUSIC BY PROF. VARNEY'S BAND.

President of the Day, C. C. BATTERMAN.
Grand Marshal, J. K. EVERETT.

DEDICATION BALL!

—GIVEN BY—

TRUCKEE LODGE, NO. 14,

I. O. O. F.

—ON—

Thursday April 26, 1877.

Committee of Arrangements:

C. H. Stoddard, C. W. Jones,
J. H. Borland, J. E. Everett,
J. V. Peers.

Invitation Committees:

RENO.

J. C. Smith, J. C. Haynes,
F. A. Teasland, C. C. Powning,
W. D. Phillips, J. F. Myers,
W. H. Moo, A. Prescott,
I. Fredrick, J. W. Boyd,
Wm. Lucas, P. B. Comstock,
J. S. Gilson, J. S. Shoemaker,
A. C. McFarlin, J. M. Flanagan,
D. McKay, I. Chamberlain.

VIRGINIA.

C. C. Batterman, F. V. Drake,
D. O. Adkinson, J. C. Smith,
H. Black, Thos. Cooper,
Jno. Penhall, W. R. Jenney,
A. B. McCoy, G. Halst.

GOLD HILL.

E. L. Stearns, A. Hires,
W. Pennington, H. O. Douchy.

SILVER CITY.

P. T. Kirby, L. D. Noyes.

DATTON.

W. H. Hill, J. R. Shaw,
Jno. Lathrop, M. Johnson.

CARSON.

J. D. Minor, Geo. W. Tuffy,
G. W. Chedec, Jno. Forbes,
M. L. Yeager, Chas. Martin.

WASHOE.

P. Marker, N. Holmes,
W. M. Thompson, Chas. Stanton.

WADSWORTH.

D. Allen, Wm. McPherson.

VERDI.

I. H. Alexander.

Reception Committee:

C. C. Powning, J. S. Shoemaker,
I. Chamberlain, G. W. Cunningham.

Floor Director:

C. T. Bender.

Floor Managers:

J. H. Kinkead, J. H. Borland,
C. W. Jones, J. E. Everett.

TICKETS.....\$3 00

Dedication of Odd Fellows' Hall will take place at 2 P. M. The Grand Officers will participate. A general invitation is extended to the public.

GRAND

MAY DAY CELEBRATION!

—AT THE—

GLENDALE HOTEL,

Tuesday, May 1st, 1877.

MESSRS. DEAN AND MARTIN, HAVE leased the old and well known pleasure resort at Glendale, and have thoroughly prepared both house and grounds for the accommodation of guests.

May 1st has been named as the Opening Day, upon which occasion the Picnic Grounds will be offered to visitors FREE of charge.

A Grand Ball

IN THE EVENING, Will show what pains and expense have been taken to repair and improve the premises.

Tickets for the Ball, including Supper, \$3 00.

Parties are invited to call and inspect our Picnic Grounds. 4-21d

JOB PRINTING

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES,

AT THIS OFFICE.

FARMERS' STORE

THE FARMERS'

CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION,

CORNER VIRGINIA AND SEC-

OND STREETS,

RENO, NEVADA.

WILL OFFER TO THE PUBLIC, FROM and after this date.

At Lower Rates than any other

Store in the State of Nevada,

—A FULL ASSORTMENT OF—

Groceries,

Provisions,

Hardware,

Glassware,

Tinware,

Crockery,

Liquors and Tobacco,

And everything that is usually kept in

a First Class Store.

WE ALSO KEEP ON HAND

AGRICULTURAL

IMPLEMENTS

Of all Descriptions.

JOHN CAHLAN,

MANAGER.

Reno, April 14, 1877-tf

The Coolest Mother.

Evening was falling cold and dark. And people hurried along the way. As if they were looking for a mark. Their own home candle's cheering ray.

Before me toiled in the whirling wind. A woman with bundles great and small. And after her tugged, a step behind. The bundle she loved the best of all.

A dear little roly-poly boy. With rosy cheeks and a jacket blue. Laughing and chattering, full of joy. And here's what he said—I tell you true:

"You're the coolest mother that ever was." A voice as clear as a forest bird's. And I'm sure the glad young heart had cause To utter the sweetest of the lovely words.

Perhaps the woman had worked all day. Washing or scrubbing; perhaps she sewed. I know by her weary footfall's way. That life to her was an up-hill road.

But here was a comfort; children dear. Think what a comfort you might give. To the very best friend you can have here. The lady fair in whose house you live.

If once in awhile you'd stop and say. In task or play for a moment's pause. And tell her, in sweet and winning way. "You're the coolest mother that ever was."

MURDER WILL OUT.

A Strange But True Story.

A Horrible Fate in a Smelting Furnace—Remorse and Death.

[From the Eureka Sentinel, April 15.]

At the head of Culver Canyon, about thirteen miles from Eureka, and in the midst of a desolate and forbidding country, there is a tumble down shanty, evidently built by some coal-burners; but as the hills have been denuded of their sparse growth of timber and utilized for fuel, and as there are no mines in the vicinity, very few people ever visit that section of country. Some four months ago, a man in search of stray stock happened to look into the shanty and was horrified to find the body of a man lying dead in a rude bunk against the side of the cabin. A cursory examination showed him that he had been deceased for some weeks, as the body was in an advanced state of decomposition. He informed a couple of his fellow-herders of his discovery, and the next day they returned and gave the body a rude burial. An examination of the contents of the house revealed no clue to the identity of the unfortunate stranger, and after relating the circumstances to their employer, who, by the way, sharply reproved them for not reporting the case to the Coroner, it ceased to be a subject of interest and would probably never have been thought of again if some further discoveries had not revived the interest.

THE DISCOVERY.

One week ago, James Thornton, while out hunting in the same vicinity, happened to spy the shanty, and, as it was during the heat of the day, sought shelter under its roof for a noon-day siesta. Curiosity led him to examine the old house, but it was entirely bare of furniture with the exception of the bunk. Gleaning over this his eye caught sight of the edge of a book protruding from between the board forming the side of the bed and the logs of the cabin. Pulling it from its hiding place he opened it and from a mere glance at its interest awoke, and he soon became absorbed in its contents. After finishing it he carefully placed it in his bosom, and on his return to town sought us and submitted it to us for our opinion. We immediately made inquiries and found that what was written was corroborated as far as the statements affect persons or events in this vicinity. The statement which follows below is merely a synopsis of the narrative, and premising it by saying that it was written in a clear, legible hand, we give it to the reader in its own words.

THE STATEMENT.

November 17, 1876.

After four years' wandering here I am, back in the old cabin that I helped to build six years ago. Surely that six years of hell ought to go a little way toward the final reckoning, but it can't be any worse in the other world than it is here and I will give it a trial anyway. Perhaps I may meet John there and he will take the curse of me. I wonder if any one will ever read this or whether it will lay and rot alongside of me? It makes little difference, but it seems as if I could lay down easier if I could write down what I have not dared to whisper since I done it. My name is Lee Singleton. I was born in Litchfield county, Maryland, in 1841. I lived there until the breaking out of the war, when I entered the Southern army and served until the close of the war. I was wounded twice; once at Yorktown, and again at the siege of Petersburg. Both my parents died; and after the war was over I came West and followed the Union Pacific railroad until it was completed. I then went to White Pine, and in 1871 to Eureka, where I went to work as a feeder at the—furnace. My companion, John Murphy, was very overbearing and insulted me on several occasions, but as he was a much stronger man than myself I took no notice of it until one day he struck me. He did not know that he signed his death warrant with that blow, but he did. I never forgot him for it, although I did not retaliate at the time, but kept on working my shift as though nothing had happened. Murphy often taunted me with being a coward, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I could restrain myself from striking him down with a shovel, but I kept my temper and consoled

myself with the thought of the terrible vengeance that I would wreak upon him.

THE FOUL DEED.

While feeding the furnace the thought often came to me that it would be an easy matter to stun him with a blow and throw him into the stack, and I knew that if it was once accomplished that no one could ever detect any traces of the crime. The principal difficulty was the continued presence of the ore wheelers, but as they worked ten hours and quit at six o'clock, there was an interval of an hour, during which me and Murphy were alone, save the occasional visit of the night boss. I had to wait nearly two weeks before the shifts changed so that we came on at the same time. When the opportunity finally presented itself I stepped behind him and struck him a blow on the head with my shovel as he was stooping to get a scoopful of charcoal. To drag him to the feed hole and throw him on the charge was but a moment's work. I do not know whether he was dead or only stunned, but it made little difference, as the fumes would have suffocated him in a moment. By working hard I succeeded in covering the body with ore and charcoal, and as the charge in the furnace sunk he was soon out of sight, and it would have been impossible to have found the least traces of him. This work occupied about fifteen minutes, and by that time the night boss came along, and I commenced growling because John was not attending to his work. He hunted around for him and asked me when I had seen him last. I told him that he had put on his coat and hat and gone out, complaining that he was sick. The boss not being able to find him, helped me out for the balance of the shift, which was only half an hour. I calculated that the body would reach the mouth of the tuyers in two hours, but I did not dare to linger around the furnace.

REMORSE.

After my work was done I went to my room but could not sleep, and I felt relieved when the sixteen hours were up and I had to resume work again. I never have forgotten those eight hours. It seemed as if every shovelful of ore that I flung into the feed-hole struck on his body and that the bubbling of the blast took to itself speech and upbraided me for my cruelty. When morning time came and I went to the front of the furnace, it was him that I was stirring up and raking out instead of the clinkers of iron. My reason told me that the fierce heat had consumed every portion of him, and that what had not gone off into the fumes had run out of the front and was now a component part of the slag-pile; but a hallucination fixed on my brain and I saw him materialized at every part of the furnace where my work called me. I got such a mania for looking into the feed-hole of the furnace that I soon became leaded and incapacitated from further labor; and on my recovery I could not procure another situation, as the foreman seemed to have some suspicion that I was accountable for John's strange disappearance. I then went into

THE CHARCOAL BUSINESS.

And, forming a copartnership with two other men, built the cabin in which I sit writing this statement. We burnt coal here for two years, when the wood becoming exhausted, I took my share of the profits, \$2,000, and went East, first paying the furnace a visit, which I had done before when over I had come to town. I left Eureka and went to Wisconsin, to the lead mines. I could not stay away from a blast furnace, and whenever I saw one, there was John right in the hottest place, seemingly taunting me for killing him. From Wisconsin I went to Pittsburg; from there to Salt Lake; and finally, after four years' wandering, came back to Eureka. I hardly got off the train before I bent my footsteps to the old furnace. I wanted one more look at it and then I had determined to end my miserable life.

THE FURNACE.

It still stood on the same spot, although other ones had been built close to it. The works were not running and for two weeks I used to go every night and wander around the premises. I calculated as to the exact place where John fell, the boards that I drew the body across and the identical feed-hole that I threw it into. Finally the watchman drove me away, and I bought an ounce of land and walked over the mountain until I came to the old cabin. As soon as I finish this I shall take the poison and lay down in the bunk. I don't suppose that any one ever passes this way, and I shall probably lay here and rot, or the vermin will feast on me. I cannot go to a worse hell than what I have been in for the last six years. If anyone finds this statement they can verify the truth of it by looking over the books of the smelting company, and they will find mine and John Murphy's name on the pay-roll, and if R. M. Wallis is still in Eureka, he will remember the fact of John's disappearance, for he was the night foreman at that time.

LEE SINGLETON.

CORROBORATORY.

Here ends this singular and startling story. We have inquired into the matter and find that a man named John Murphy mysteriously disappeared about the time mentioned. The Sentinel of June 30, 1874, mentions the fact, but as the town was full of strangers at the time no further notice

was taken of it. Mr. Wallis recalls the circumstance very well and gives us some additional facts. He says that when Murphy disappeared he had 18 days' wages due him, and the money was never called for. His dug-out on the hillside was taken possession of by another party, who lived there for over a year and kept Murphy's personal property undisturbed, but as he never called for it, nor in fact was ever heard of afterward, he finally gave the clothing to the Indians. Wallis also says that Singleton was a morose, unsocial fellow, rarely speaking to any of his fellow workmen, but an excellent laborer. He also states that Singleton was mistaken in his ever suspecting him, for he had no such thought until this statement was shown him. It is a very strange story, and we can deduct a moral to it with very little trouble. The tragic murder, and the singular mode of its accomplishment, the remorse of the murderer, and the fascination which seemed to draw him to the spot where he accomplished the foul deed, his subsequent wanderings—like Cain over the face of the earth—and final return to the locality; his haunting the furnace until driven away by the watchmen; the deliberate jettisoning of all the facts, and final ending of his miserable life away from the busy haunts of man; a life that he had cursed with his terrible crime, and that had become too heavy a burden to bear, all go to show that while the proverb that "murder will out" is not always true, still our misdeeds will follow us and become in the end their own punishment.

OATMEAL.—In Great Britain children of all ranks are raised on oatmeal diet alone, because it causes them to grow strong and beautiful, and no better food can possibly be found for them. It is also quite as desirable for the student as for the laborer, for the delicate lady and her hard working sister; indeed all classes would be greatly benefited by its use, and dyspepsia, with all its manifold annoyances, can be kept at a distance. Oatmeal is more substantial food, it is said, than meat, pork or lamb, giving as much or more mental vigor, while its great desideratum consists in one's not becoming weary of it, for it is as welcome for breakfast or tea as is wheat or graham bread. It can be eaten with syrup and butter as hasty pudding, or with cream and sugar like rice. It is especially good for young mothers, upon whose nervous system too great a demand has been made, and they lose the equilibrium of the system and become depressed and dispirited. Oatmeal requires to be cooked slowly, and the water should be boiling hot when it is stirred in.

THE ONLY PROSPEROUS NATIONS.—It seems, as we have repeatedly pointed out, that Germany is passing through a crisis similar to our own in 1873-4, after Congress had surreptitiously demonetized silver. That nation is paying the heavy penalty of breaking one of the legs on which business goes, and attempting to do with gold alone what the experience of 500 years shows can be done only by gold and silver together. And it is a striking fact that the only really prosperous nations to-day are those in which silver and gold together constitute the legal tender. The bearing of this important fact on our own national policy is too obvious to need pointing out.—N. Y. Graphic.

WAS IT DONE TO ESCAPE TAXATION?—It is reported on the best authority that the Bank of Nevada recently invested \$500,000 in United States registered bonds. The bonds are registered in the name of Louis McLane, President of the bank. As these bonds are unassessable, together with the fact that the investment was made just about the time that Alex. Badlam starts out on his annual tour of assessing the coin lying around loose in the banks, the investment is just so much wealth taken from the taxable property of the state.—S. F. Post.

Out in Nevada, when an editor makes use of the expression: "Winter lingers in the lap of spring," the citizens turn out en masse and mob him. With that kind of treatment staring us in the face, we don't like to use the quotation, but will merely say that winter has knocked the stuffing out of spring and given us another dose of cold weather.—Corinne Reporter.

Commodore Vanderbilt's widow has started on a Southern tour with her mother, her sister-in-law, and Dr. Linsley, the late Commodore's physician. The widow has received her legacy, and has presented the Doctor with \$40,000.

To give brilliancy to the eyes, shut them early at night, and open them early in the morning, and let the mind be constantly intent on the acquisition of knowledge, or on the exercise of benevolent feelings.

Never seek to be entrusted with your friend's secret; for no matter how faithfully you may keep it, you will be liable in a thousand contingencies to the suspicion of having betrayed it.

The Masonic Fraternity of San Francisco will give a grand entertainment at Woodward's Gardens on the 2d of next month.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date.

A Singular Charity.

It may be thought a singular purpose of charity to provide for the "marriage of poor maids," and one that would accomplish but little in a field where the objects would be so numerous; nevertheless, the benevolent designs of men have been turned in that channel, as well as in other various directions mentioned in the statute. By the will of Mr. Henry Reine, a wealthy London brewer, a fund was established for just such a purpose.

Among the notable charitable institutions of London there is none more novel in inception, or more unique in management, than Reine's Asylum, established by him, in 1730, for clothing, educating, and properly training for domestic service forty young girls, taken from a lower school previously established by him. On arriving at the age of twenty-two, any girl who has been educated at the asylum, and who can produce satisfactory testimonials of her conduct while in service, may become a candidate for a marriage portion of £100, for which six girls are allowed to draw twice in each year—on the first of May and the fifth of November. The drawing is in this manner.—The Treasurer, in compliance with the explicit direction of Mr. Reine, takes a half-sheet of white paper and writes thereon "One hundred pounds." Next, he takes as many blank sheets as, with the one written on, will correspond with the number of candidates present. Each of these half-sheets is wrapped tightly round a little roller of wood, tied with a narrow green ribbon, the knot of which is firmly deposited in a large canister placed upon a small table in the center of the room. This being done, the candidates, one at a time, advance towards the canister, each drawing therefrom one of the rolls. When all have drawn, they proceed to the chairwoman, who cuts the ribbon which secures each roll, and bids the candidates unfold the various papers. There is no need to ask which of them has gained the prize—the sparkling eyes of the fortunate "hundred-pound girl" reveal the secret more quickly than it could be spoken by the lips. The portion drawn in May is given after a wedding on the fifth of November, the November portion being given in like manner on May day.

THE SUTRO TUNNEL.—The Suto Tunnel, which is approaching completion, is a much greater enterprise than many suppose who have only given it a second thought. The work was commenced in 1869, and has cost \$1,000 a day since. It is intended to strike the Comstock 1,750 feet below the surface and drain the mines. It is over three miles in length, as straight as a line, ten feet in width, eight feet in height, with ample room for a double track the entire distance. Where the ground is soft it is heavily timbered and made safe. It has a grade of three inches to the one hundred feet, and has at present a flow of water equal to one hundred and thirty miners' inches. This enterprise has been bitterly and obstinately opposed by the mine owners, but in spite of all obstacles it has steadily progressed under the irrepressible Suto and foreign capital. It may yet prove the salvation of silver mining in Nevada by reducing the cost of raising ore and water.

ANNA DICKINSON AS AN ACTRESS.—Miss Anna Dickinson abruptly closed her engagement with the Eagle Theatre, New York, on Monday night, owing to her dissatisfaction with the management. She will not play again until she appears at the Fifth Avenue Theatre early next season in a star engagement, for which Augustin Daly has arranged with her. Boucicault puts his opinion against the New York critics, and says Miss Dickinson's play and acting are good; that they show no excesses requiring excision, and only a few lacks, which will readily be supplied. Her houses have materially improved since her recent plucky appeal to the public, and she discontinues her engagement chiefly because the manager has recast parts with inefficient support. Her friends put against the verdict of the critics the fact that she has engagements and applications from leading theatres more than filling the entire season. That she has been unfairly, not to say ungenerously, dealt with, is undoubtedly true.

VENTILATION IN MINES.—The New York Engineering and Mining Journal remarks: If the Nevada Senate were to pass a "Ventilation Law," which would oblige the companies to provide a sufficient amount of fresh air through every part of these mines to keep the temperature down to such a point as to allow full work to be done, it would do a service to both the workmen and the companies. The Nevada mines are very badly ventilated—as indeed are most ore mines—and the use of large fans capable of circulating from fifty to one hundred thousand feet of air per minute would certainly reduce the temperature of the mines and enable men to work a full "shift" instead of two or three hours, as is now the case.

An old tender, hearing some ladies discussing the wonderful fact that a baby can say "No" several months before it can say "Yes," remarked, "Well, ladies, you see that 'cause babies ain't never asked if they'll take somethin'."

The Leaching Process.

How it is Utilized and Practiced in Reducing Ores in Eastern Nevada.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Mining and Scientific Press, writing from Ward Mining District, thus describes the leaching process adopted in extracting the silver from the ore at the milling and reduction works of the Martin White Company:

After the pulp has been roasted and thoroughly cooled, it is dumped into fifteen leaching tanks, of 1½ tons capacity, each, to be submitted to a washing with warm water—the hotter the better—from two to four hours, owing entirely to the time required for leaching off the salt and base chlorides. It is next leached by a solution of hyposulphite of lime from fourteen to sixteen hours, which dissolves the chlorides of silver, the only chemical combination of the metal at all affected by the preparation. The leached solution is now turned into five recirculating tanks, capable of holding 500 gallons each, connected with three-inch gas pipes, and drawn from the center tank to the precipitating tank on the floor below. Sulphide of calcium is added in sufficient quantity to precipitate the silver as a sulphate. This, in turn, having been dried in the reverberatory oven and subjected to a roasting for dispelling the sulphur, finally results in an oxide of silver, to be melted down and molded into bars. The sulphide of calcium and the hyposulphite of lime are both manufactured in the mill at a mere nominal expense, crude sulphur and burnt lime found near at hand being the only chemicals required—the former by boiling sulphur and lime with water long enough to cause them to unite, forming a strong, yellowish-hued liquor. From this the hyposulphite of lime is now made by injecting through it a stream of cold sulphuric acid, thereby precipitating the sulphate of lime and leaving the liquor clear as water. It is scarcely necessary to state that the solution gains strength by use, and can be employed over and over again.

The Suto Tunnel.

Thirty men have been discharged from the employ of the Suto Tunnel Company within the past two or three days. Of these about half a dozen were at work outside of the tunnel—in the machine and blacksmith shops, on the ranches, etc., and the remainder had been working in the header of the tunnel. This reduction will necessitate the stoppage of a number of the machine drills, and will greatly diminish the average daily progress made in the tunnel. Before the reduction six machine drills were run all the time; now no more than four can be run. Again, the former force on each shift could be divided into two gangs when it became necessary to load up the cars, and while one gang rested the other could work steadily; now the whole shift will have to work at once when "mucking" is to be done, and suspend operation when requiring rest. Heretofore, since the introduction of Burleigh drills in the tunnel, the average daily progress has been ten feet; in future the progress will not be much over five feet. Placing the distance from the header to the Comstock at 3,750 feet, 750 days would be required to drive the header that distance. The date of the completion of the tunnel will therefore not be so early as has been heretofore supposed.—Virginia Chronicle.

SALARIES OF TEACHERS IN LONDON.—The London School Board have printed information regarding the salaries of teachers in the schools under the board. The largest salary paid to any one teacher is \$975, and this is supplemented by the government grant in a very large school, amounting to \$478, with \$150 for the instruction of pupil teachers and \$24 for drawing grant, making in the whole \$1,627. There are four in the London school system receiving more than \$1,500 per annum, including these extras for work. There are eleven who receive from all sources \$1,250, and under \$1,200; thirty-five who receive above \$1,000 and under \$1,250; fifty-five who receive above \$750 and under \$1,000; sixty-four who receive above \$625 and under \$750; 107 who receive \$500 and under \$625; 111 who receive \$375 and not over \$500, and forty-one who receive under \$385. No houses, rents, or other domestic aids are given to any of the teachers in the board schools. Every teacher has to be qualified according to the government standard, and the course of examination is now very strict.

The Baltimore Catholic Mirror having expressed some fears because the new Secretary of the Navy has written a book against the papal power, the Chicago Tribune says: "Probably the Mirror was not so much disturbed when General Sherman, whose wife is a Catholic, was put at the head of the army, and General Sheridan, a Catholic, next in succession. The 'war of creeds,' which the Mirror is so afraid of, will certainly, if it comes, find the Catholics in very good shape. To be sure, Secretary Thompson might send a fleet of iron-clads up the river St. Joseph and bombard Notre Dame University at South Bend, but, on the other hand, Sherman could swoop down upon the Protestant missions among the Indians, and capture converts and all. There is an evenness about the thing which occurs to the editor of the Mirror in the calmer moments."

California Items.

Truckee has a five-footed puppy. Haying has commenced in earnest in Solano.

The outlook of Contra Costa county was never brighter.

Coal has been struck in small quantities near Ventura.

The Alden Dryer at Auburn is fast approaching completion.

Trout fishing is good in Butano creek, San Mateo county.

San Diego had showers during the night of the 15th, and throughout the 16th.

The northerly last week seriously injured the potato crop in San Mateo county.

A large bed of oysters has been discovered near Point Magon on the south coast.

The "hoodoo" is again coming into favor with Grass Valley idiots in search of gold mines.

John Ingram, one of the pioneers of Santa Rosa, died at his residence in that city on the 13th inst.

Theodore Winters has sold his stock and broken up his ranch and farm in Yolo and Solano counties.

"A grand circular wolf hunt" is to take place in the vicinity of Artesia, Los Angeles county, on Tuesday, May 1st.

Burke, Lawrence and Hodges, three prisoners confined in the Red Bluff Jail, escaped on the 13th and are still at large.

It is said that Governor Stanford has purchased the John Spaulding tract of land adjoining his farm near Mayfield.

The crops along the San Francisco look very sickly, and if no rain comes within a week or ten days there is little hope of a crop there.

Lyman Dutcher, of Healdsburg, has an orange tree in full bloom and also bearing green and ripe fruit, from the size of a pea to that of a tea cup.

The county of Sonoma last year shipped for market poultry and eggs of the value of \$327,000, and there is plenty of room for more in the business.

M. C. Haigh, who goes to Prescott, Arizona, to accept the Peck mine on behalf of Lent & Co., who have bought it for \$437,000, left Dos Palmas on the 15th.

The Peck mine, situated in Bradshaw district, Arizona, has been sold to William M. Lent, of San Francisco, for \$400,000.

Adams, Thayer & Edwards have recently sunk another oil well on the side of the hill above the tunnel, near Ventura, and at a depth of twenty feet struck a flow of between two and three barrels per day of good green oil.

Something over 100 applications for certificates for desert lands, under the State law, have been made at the Visalia Land Office. A large per cent. of the applications are for lands in Kern county, the remainder in Tulare.

The Dixon Tribune says the black cricket pest is not by any means abated. The crickets are eating away at grain fields and pasturage, working in the direction of Dixon.

From Pine Station, Napa county, it is stated that the grain and orchards are looking well. Farmers are busy plowing, working with their vines, etc. Flocks of sheep pass through en route to Lake county. The grass suffers along the line of travel.

A RELIC OF THE BANDIT VASQUEZ.

By an order issued out of the Twentieth Judicial District Court in and for Santa Clara county, dated November 3, 1876, Monterey county was required to pay the expenses incurred in the trial of the notorious bandit, Tiburcio Vasquez, said costs amounting to \$2,368 43. County Treasurer Little refused to pay the warrants for that amount and submitted the matter to our Board of Supervisors, who appealed the case to the Supreme Court, where it will come up at the next term, which commenced to-day. The original indictment against Vasquez on the charge of murder was found by a Monterey grand jury. The subsequent removal of the action to San Benito county was had under the statute creating that county. Appellant's attorneys argued in their statement of facts filed in the Supreme Court that authority was given under section 8 of the Act creating San Benito to have removed to that county on motion of her District Attorney, for trial, all criminal action over which it had original jurisdiction—that is, "where the offense is committed within the limits" of that county—and having exercised that authority, San Benito county, and not Monterey, is liable for the costs of trial.—San Jose Herald.

The Virginia Chronicle says:

It is well enough for dogs to catch pigs by the ears, but as a general rule parents object to having their children so dealt with; especially at school. Some parents are even so particular as to dislike the idea of the schoolmaster braining their offspring with a bunch of brass keys when he has no bludgeon handy. Mr. W. F. Kent, Principal of the First Ward School, is accused of practicing both of these methods of curbing refractory youth.